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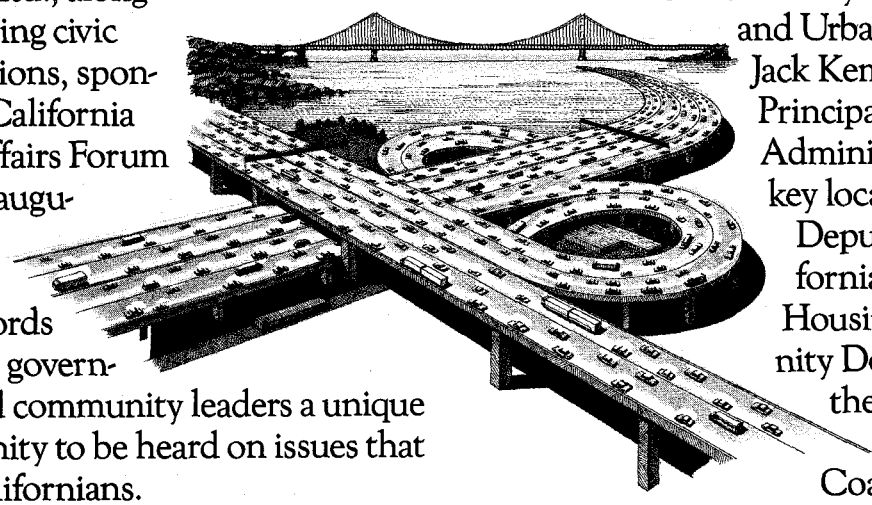

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NATIONAL REVIEW

MAY 27, 1991 VOL. XLIII, NO. 9

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LETTERS

Taking Issue

Not all conservatives question, as Geoffrey Morris does, R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr.'s standing as an "intellectual leader" ["Right Books," May 13]. In fact, there are large numbers of us in journalism, government, and the academy who have profited from his books and his stewardship of one of the most consistently intelligent magazines in America. Few of us, it's safe to say, would be where we are but for his leadership, intellectual and otherwise. Far from questioning his standing, we rather take it for granted.

Andrew Ferguson
Washington, D.C.

My intention was not to denigrate Mr. Tyrrell, whose achievements I happily acknowledge, but to draw a distinction between those whose primary contribution is in formulating policy or advancing political philosophy and those whose primary contribution is in intellectual journalism. My choice of words, it seems, did not make this clear; if the passage carried offense to Mr. Tyrrell, I am sorry. —GM

Communications Breakdown

Sol Sanders writes so inaccurately that I cannot recognize anything that I said to him about Reverend Moon's affiliates or *The World & I* ["Moon over Moscow," April 15]. I made it clear that Moon chose only the categories *The World & I* covers. The viewpoints and subjects expressed within these categories are determined by me with the assistance of our editors; I made it clear to Sanders that I insisted on a divergence of viewpoints.

I most certainly did not say that there was a conflict between sophisticated people outside of Moon's church and unsophisticated within and outside it. I said that there was a wide range of opinion both among those who participate in the affiliates and those in the church. I thought there were sophisticated and simplistic people both in the church and in the affiliated organizations.

As for the possibility that Moon would shut off funds merely because he disagrees with someone, that is nonsense. I was supported as early as 1981 in a major effort to get rid of the system of blocs during the same period in which Churba was brought aboard despite his extreme anti-Soviet line. I remember his lecture at the Philippine defense academy in which he said the United States was incapable of deterring a Soviet attack on Europe and that even its ability to deter attack on the U.S. was questionable. I did not consider that sophisticated, accurate, or helpful.

Morton A. Kaplan
Editor, The World & I
Chicago, Ill.

I am sorry Professor Kaplan believes I misrepresented the substance of a telephone conversation of more than an hour.

As to Reverend Moon's influence on The World & I, *I quoted Kaplan as saying that Moon never interfered. I also pointed out that he admitted the idea of the magazine, what it would cover, and general subject matter came from Moon. Kaplan talked about his disagreement with Moon over the magazine's huge size.*

In our conversation Kaplan explicitly put Churba and his Moon-supported International Security Council in the simplistic category. I told Kaplan that what he described as his original enthusiastic acceptance of Gorbachev's reformist credentials, and his subsequent disenchantment (we spoke shortly after the events in Lithuania), seemed to me to be naïve, if not simplistic. —SWS

Reviewing the Evidence

Joseph Sobran commits literary mayhem to support his notion that the 17th Earl of Oxford wrote Shakespeare's plays ["Bard Thou Never Wert," April 29]. He may hold what beliefs he will, but to hack up evidence to fit his argument is outrageous.

What Mr. Sobran chops out of Francis Meres's evidence in *Palladis Tamia: Wits Treasury* (1598) is the testimony that "Shakespeare among the English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy . . ." and here he lists six plays: *Gentlemen of Verona, Errors, Love Labours Lost, Love Labours Won* (perhaps *Much Ado*), *Midsummer's Night Dream*, and *Merchant of Venice*. For "most excellent" in tragedy, Meres cites six more: *Richard II, Richard III, Henry IV, King John, Titus Andronicus*, and *Romeo and Juliet*.

Mr. Sobran's entire reference to *Palladis Tamia* is: "Francis Meres (1598) lists him 'among the best for comedy.'" What Mr. Sobran omits is that the Earl of Oxford is listed as one among 18 authors, including Shakespeare.

Mr. Sobran says: "George Puttenham (1589) tells us that Oxford would have been even more famous if he had written under his own name." What Puttenham actually says is that Oxford was only one among ten gentlemen who formed a "crew of Courtly makers . . . who have written excellently well as it would appeare if their doings could be found out and made publicke with the rest" (*The Arte of Poesie*). Oxford is referred to here as a poet, not a dramatist. In another evaluation, Puttenham praises "Th'Earle of Oxford and Maister Edwardes of her Maiesties Chappell for Comedy and Enterlude," without citing any works of either. Nowhere is there extant a record of the Earl's dramatic work which could provide a basis for judgment.

Mr. Sobran is to be congratulated for the understatement of the year. After asserting fealty to the Oxfordians, he confesses: "A few difficulties remain." Not the least of these is that even after the Earl himself died in 1604, he continued to produce such works as *King Lear, Macbeth*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Abraham Grossman
Denver, Colo.

There's no contradiction between Oxford's having been mentioned by Meres as "among the best for comedy" along with "Shakespeare." The hypothesis, after all, is that he adopted "Shakespeare" as a pen name after his own reputation had been established. Many writers publish under more than one name. Puttenham also says Oxford would be "foremost" among those anonymous gentlemen-writers, if their names were revealed.

My "omissions" were required by limitations of space. I had to "omit" far more material that would have supported the case for Oxford.

Mr. Grossman seems not to understand that the dating of the plays is largely circular, based on the assumption that they were written by a man who lived until 1616. Nothing in the plays he lists rules out their having been written before 1604. In fact, no published source for the plays has been established after 1603. Did "Shakespeare" stop reading even before he stopped writing? And didn't I say the evidence for Oxford is "very upsetting" to those who hold the traditional view?

—JS

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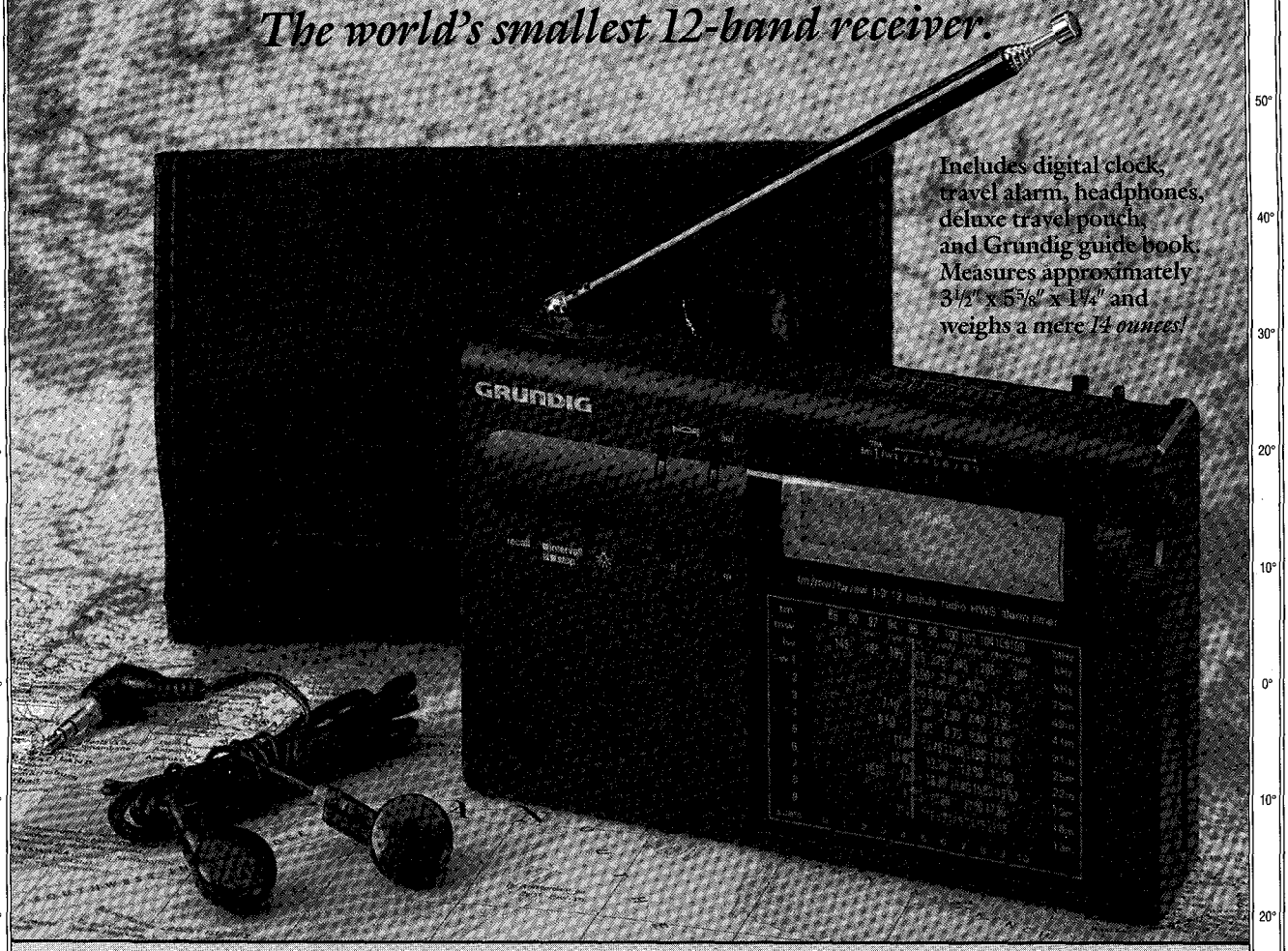

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FROM THE EDITOR

Friends at Court

■ What President Reagan achieved in the 1980s—the longest peacetime expansion in history and victory in the cold war—is too horrible for the liberal mind to contemplate, let alone assess sensibly. It would require too radical a rethinking of liberal beliefs.

So the entire period must be discredited as illegitimate (Gary Sick's allegations of Reagan campaign skulduggery, evaluated by Richard Brookhiser on page 33), or a sordid soap opera (Kitty Kelley's book), or the occasion for a recital of politically correct mantras—"twin deficits," "legacy of bankruptcy," "wasteful defense build-up" (Haynes Johnson's book, reviewed by James Bowman on page 44).

It is instructive, therefore, to compare the inflamed liberal judgment of Mr. Reagan with that of other informed observers. Thus:

"A hundred years from now—long after Ronald Reagan has been lumped with other ineffectual Dr. Feelgoods like William McKinley and Calvin Coolidge— . . . the last fourth of the twentieth century will be remembered for the demise of imperial Communism, and the Soviet Union's President will be remembered for both making and letting it happen."—*Boston Globe* columnist Tom Oliphant.

"We stood on the two sides of the artificially erected wall. Solidarity broke down this wall from the Eastern side and on the Western side it was you . . . Your decisiveness and resolve were for us a hope and help in the most difficult moments."—Lech Walesa.

"The nation needed more than inspiration in the 1980s. . . . It needed a manager, not a cheerleader. It needed a statesman, not a star. It needed answers, not anecdotes. It needed ideas as well as ideals. And Ronald Reagan wasn't up to that task."—NBC News President Michael Gartner.

"Of President Reagan it can be said, as Canning said of Pitt, that he was 'the pilot that weathered the storm.' The world owes him an enormous debt and it saddens me that there are still some who refuse to acknowledge his achievements."—Margaret Thatcher.

"Reading the former President's memoirs I found it impossible to escape the thought that a better title would be *The Mannequin Speaks*."—Maureen Dowd, *New York Times* White House reporter.

"I rejoice that the United States at last has a President such as you and I unceasingly thank God that you were not killed by that villainous bullet."—Alexander Solzhenitsyn.

And one final quote from (not altogether happily) Lenin: "Show me who your friends are and I will tell you what you are."

■ At a conservative gathering last week, there was some disparagement of the traditional conservative goal of "stability" as a proper aim of foreign policy. It was seen as the justification for the Administration's support for the present frontiers of the USSR, Yugoslavia, and Iraq.

Since these countries cannot be held together by force forever, it was argued, the result of trying is likely to be chaos and even civil war.

That criticism does not, of course, overturn stability as a legitimate goal. Indeed, it assumes that stability is a good thing, threatened in these instances by the blind enforcement of an unstable status quo. It should be sought more subtly by, for instance, assisting the transition of the USSR from empire to free commonwealth.

But is not stability a lesser good than liberty? It is—and where they clash, liberty is generally to be preferred. Ultimately, however, liberty requires stability. Conservatives above all should realize what "instability" means—riots, the looting of shops, random murders, troops firing on mobs, the flight of refugees, etc.

And because people will support almost anything that promises to end the horrors of instability, it leads to dictatorship far more often than to freedom. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

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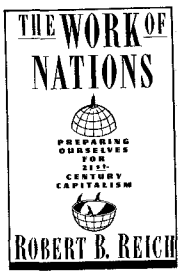

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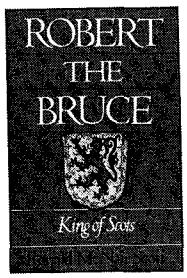

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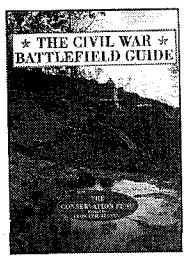

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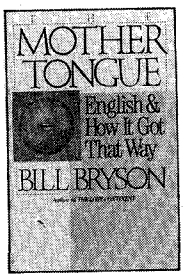

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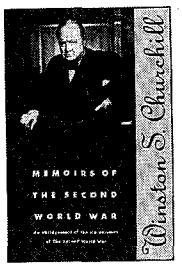

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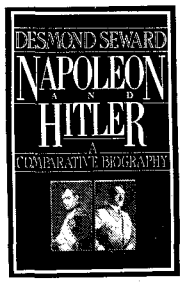

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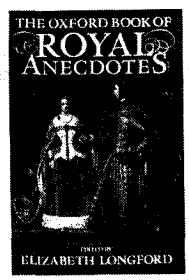

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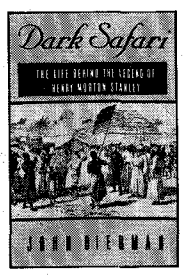

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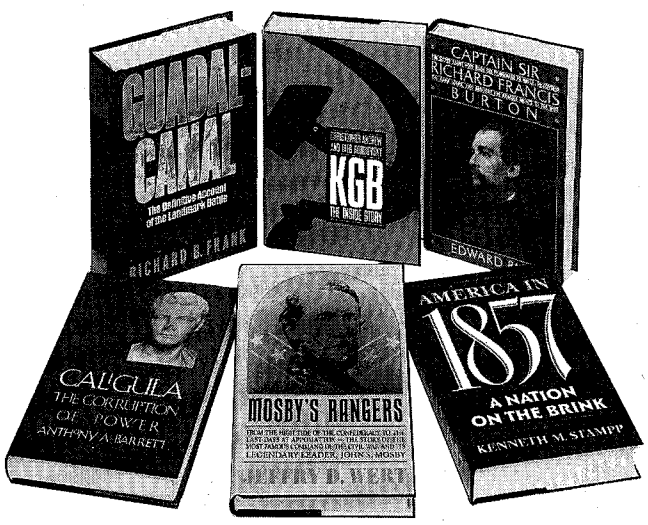

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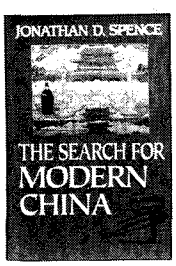

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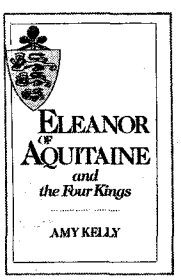

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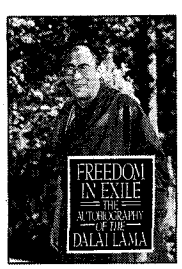

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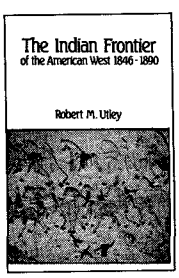

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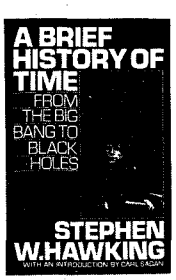

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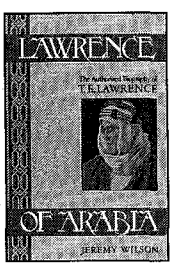

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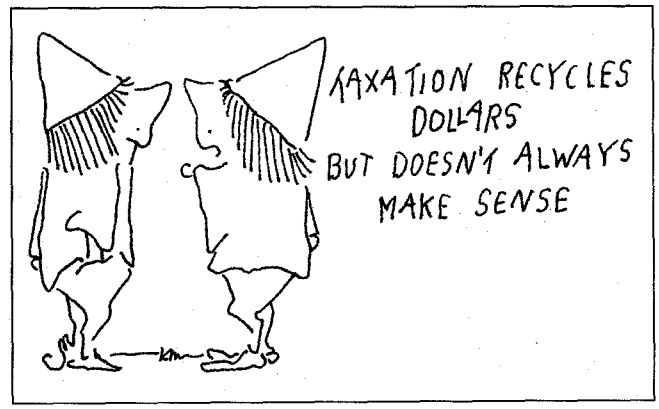
ON THE RECORD

■ **Stephen Hess** of Brookings Institution urges Democrats to get into 1992 race, pointing out that "there are vast amounts of space reserved in newspapers" for whomever the Democrats choose. But so far only takers are second-rankers, former Sen. **Paul Tsongas** of Massachusetts, who has officially declared, and Gov. **Douglas Wilder** of Virginia, who has an exploratory committee in the field. Both plan to campaign as non-special-interest, non-Beltway candidates. Tsongas, for instance, is in favor of nuclear power, a capital-gains-tax cut, the free-trade pact with Mexico. Wilder is saying things like that he belongs "to the party outside the Beltway," and that the biggest threat to America's future prosperity is "those Washington insiders who have mismanaged the American people's tax dollars for far too many years." But he is being careful not to offend the cadres that actually nominate the Democratic candidate; e.g., he canceled a commencement speech in Connecticut 24 hours before the event rather than cross a teachers' picket line (offensive to both the AFL-CIO and the NEA), and he permitted Virginia state chairman **Paul Goldman** to badmouth the moderate Democratic Leadership Council (DLC), one of whose leaders is Sen. **Chuck Robb**, a former Virginia governor. "Those DLC people," said Goldman, "think the only way to get ahead is to kick other Democrats in the shins." DLC was organized to try to move Democratic Party back toward the center. . . . Former DNC chairman **Robert Strauss** agrees Democrats can't continue to nominate their leftmost-this-side-of-**Jesse-Jackson** candidate if they want to get back the White House. "The middle class in this country, that's where the ballgame is," says Strauss. "That's the big casino, and that's what's going to change the course of the country." . . . **Evans & Novak** say what has become clear about 1992 is which Democrats are *not* running; they list Senate and House Majority Leaders **George Mitchell** (Me.) and **Richard Gephardt** (Mo.) and **Dukakis** running-mate **Lloyd Bentsen** (Tex.) as non-starters. . . . Paint **Mario Cuomo** doubtful. Recent Times-Mirror poll shows a **Bush–Quayle** ticket besting Cuomo–**Bob Kerrey** (Neb.) 74 to 17 per cent. . . . A very possible starter, Tennessee's Sen. **Albert Gore Jr.**, has just been rated the Senate's biggest spender for the second year in a row by the National Taxpayers Union.

■ Left–Right battles ahead. On June 4 in Massachusetts, it will be Republican conservative **Steven Pierce** *v.* Democratic liberal **John Olver** in by-election for the late **Silvio Conte**'s congressional seat. Pierce has backing of Gov. **William Weld** (against whom he fought a tight battle in last year's gubernatorial primary). Olver is pro abortion, anti Gulf War, pro spending, and comes from Amherst, a college town so far left that it voted 2 to 1 for Jesse Jackson over Michael Dukakis in 1988 primary. . . . In California, conservative TV commentator **Bruce Herschensohn** has made it official: He will oppose moderate Rep. **Tom Campbell** (ACU 50) in GOP primary for Democrat **Alan Cranston**'s to-be-vacated seat next year, while Rep. **Bill Dannemeyer** (ACU 100) takes on moderate Republican **John Seymour**, appointed to **Pete Wilson**'s Senate seat. . . . According to Evans & Novak, the most vulnerable Republican senator in 1992 is New York's **Al D'Amato**; the most vulnerable Democrat, **Terry Sanford** of North Carolina. . . . Republican National Committee also sees good chance of retiring South Carolina Sen. **Fritz Hollings**, made especially vulnerable by his no vote on the war. Mentioned as strong opponent, if Gov. **Carroll Campbell** (R.) stays out, is former state GOP chairman **Van D. Hipp**, who did much to rebuild South Carolina GOP during his tenure. . . . In Arizona, polls show that **Keating**-tainted Republican Sen. **John McCain** is doing better with public than Keating-tainted Democratic Sen. **Dennis DeConcini**. McCain now has 52 to 20 approve–disapprove ratio; DeConcini's ratio is 27 to 47.



■ Czechoslovakia has become first former satellite to return to the owners land illegally seized by Communist regime. Finance Minister **Vaclav Klaus** says the 10 per cent of Czech property this restores to private ownership will create an entrepreneurial class to spearhead the move toward a market economy. . . . Nice touch: The **Lenin** Museum in Prague has been reborn as the United States cultural center. . . . Albanian president **Ramiz Alia** has resigned his leadership of Communist Party and even his Party membership as required under new Albanian constitution. . . . Fifty thousand Hungarians gathered in a cold spring rain in the small village of Esztergom last week to give final homage to **Jozsef** Cardinal **Mindszenty**. Mindszenty, who died in exile in Rome, had asked that his body be returned to his native land, and there interred, but only after "the Red Star of faithless Moscow falls."

■ Cullings from **Val Dumond**'s *The Elements of Non-Sexist Usage: A Guide to Inclusive Spoken and Written English:*

Out: Waiter, waitress	In: Waitperson
Out: Man-made	In: Synthetic
Out: Snowman	In: Snowperson
Out: Bull session	In: Talkfest
Out: Peeping Tom	In: Voyeur

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THE WEEK

■ As whites and blacks joined Hispanic youths in the recent Washington disturbances, a TV reporter observed in all seriousness that the uproar had turned into "a multicultural rioting event." Diversity, it's wonderful.

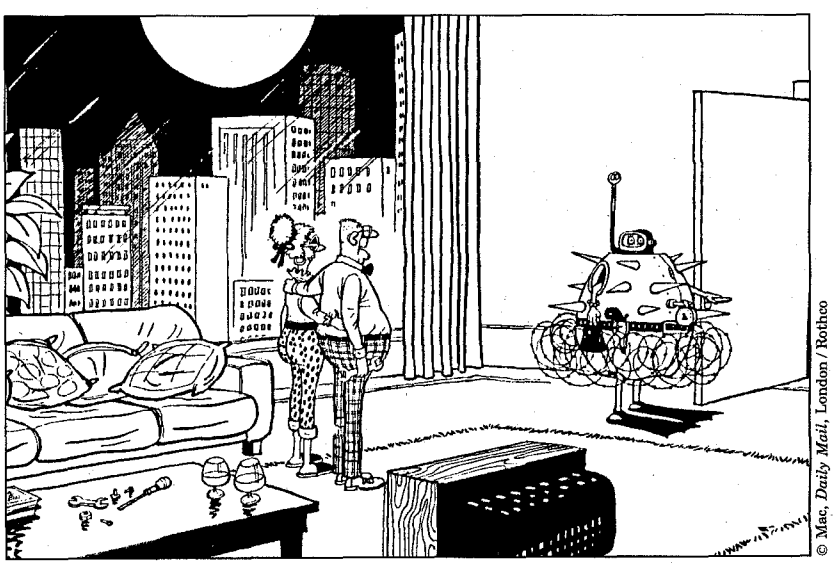
■ The Democratic Leadership Council (DLC) met in Cleveland May 6 and 7 in an effort to pull a McGovernized party to the center, and to push for an electable presidential candidate. The two are related, as the DLC recognizes. The Democrats considered a number of policy proposals, some of them sensible; some of them, indeed—school choice, tenant control of public housing—lifted from the GOP. The group faced two hurdles. One is that many Democrats would rather be pure and powerless. The Left faithful held a meeting of their own in Des Moines, and Jesse Jackson, who was not asked to address the DLC, capered about Cleveland providing photo-ops. The second problem is division within the DLC's own ranks. The group had to back off from a proposal that it would consider as *presidentabile* only those who supported using force in the Gulf. That would have axed founders Sam Nunn and Dick Gephardt. (Special note for political birders: There was a confirmed sighting of Paul Tsongas.)

■ The NBC news show *Exposé*, living down to its name, recently ran a segment alleging that Senator Charles Robb of Virginia had been partying with a Virginia beauty queen. This salacious gossip (which Robb denies) served no obvious public interest, and the nearest thing to a justification that the network could produce was that it exposed hypocrisy. But how? Even if Robb did commit adultery, he was no Jimmy Swaggart preaching sexual virtue. Any hypocrisy could only have consisted of his being married with children and apparently happily so. On this logic Robb could have escaped *Exposé*'s accusation only by confessing to it. But if publicly confessing one's private sins is to be the media's new test of decency—one borrowed, incidentally, from fundamentalists—will it be confined to sex? Or must public figures regularly confess to drinking, swearing, and telling the occasional campaign promise? Down that road lies an intolerable dictatorship of saints enforced by spies—the media—whose slogan would be "No policemen in the bedroom—just interviewers."

■ WALSH WATCH: Since our last dispatch from this front, Independent Counsel Lawrence Walsh has spent another $6 million or so in prosecuting the Iran–Contra case, putting his total expenses well over $40 million. If that day should ever come when Mr. Walsh relinquishes his "temporary" post, let it at least be said that here was a truly "independent" counsel: independent of any apparent financial restraints, independent of any obligation to produce results, and independent of mundane, temporal considerations like the fact that Iran–Contra is now a piece of history about which no one really gives a damn any more.

■ Will environmentalists, lawyers, or Exxon do the most harm to Alaska? Federal Judge Russel Holland and Alaska legislators were pressured into turning down the $1-billion settlement offer from Exxon for the *Valdez* oil spill, thus postponing compensation for perhaps years while litigation proceeds. Exxon had even agreed to plead guilty to the Justice Department's absurd claim that the spill was the crime of hunting migratory birds without a license. Judge Holland piled on by calling the biggest environmental fine ever inadequate because it can be "absorbed" by Exxon. Some people will only be happy once oil companies become an endangered species.

■ There are deficits, and then there are deficits. Paul Craig Roberts noted recently in the *Wall Street Journal* that Ronald Reagan's deficits supposedly decimated America's industrial heartland, forced interest rates up, and condemned generations of Amer-



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"Shucks, Mary Lou, of course you look pretty. Now have a nice time at Senator Kennedy's party."

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icans to lousy jobs. George Bush's deficits, while twice the size of Reagan's, have had no discernible economic impact, at least judging from the comparative lack of media hysteria. In fact, the Reagan Administration used the deficit as an excuse to restrain government spending, while the Bush people use it as a pretext for higher taxes and spending. Which explains why the deficit problem has vanished so far as most of the media and Congress is concerned.

■ Disinvestment and economic sanctions are, contrary to *NR*'s advice, the accepted method for dealing with apartheid. So let the United States cease and desist from doing business in and with the state of Minnesota. According to Judge Isabel Gomez of the Hennepin County Juvenile Court there, Stephen and Janet Sharp may not adopt the little girl to whom they have been foster parents for nearly two years because she is black and they are white. This, Judge Gomez assures us, violates Minnesota's Minority Heritage Preservation Act under which interracial adoption is prohibited. So, apparently, is U.S. press coverage and liberal outrage against apartheid when it is enacted on this continent.

■ The bad news: The unprecedented severity of New York's fiscal crisis has paralyzed budget negotiations in Albany. The good news: This paralysis is helping just about everyone. For taxpayers the failure to reach a budget agreement means a $50-million-per-week tax cut, since the governor's plan would raise taxes by that much. The budget impasse caused interest rates on New York City notes to skyrocket. So, who snapped up $50 million worth of City notes? The New York State public-employee pension fund. For the time being Medicaid has ceased growing at the 17 per cent rate of recent years, state payrolls are frozen, and new issues of state debt are on hold. Unfortunately, a budget agreement sometime in June seems likely.

■ After a Soviet pilot downed the Korean Air Lines plane carrying 269 people in 1983, some odd explanations were floated to demonstrate that the U.S., after all, was really responsible. It must have been a secret American spy mission, said some—including military aviation experts like Victor Navasky of *The Nation*, Dick Gregory, Noam Chomsky, and Helen Caldicott. And anyway, the plane was warned by radio to leave Soviet airspace. When the pilot refused, what choice did the Soviets have but to take out the plane? Now, in an extensive interview with *Izvestia*, the pilot who downed the plane, Lieutenant-Colonel Gennadi Osipovich, says, no, there was no warning to the airliner. And, no, he did not mistake it for a military plane: it was clearly a 747. He further admits that the Soviet government instructed him to lie on each of these points—an excuse unfortunately not available to Victor Navasky, Dick Gregory, Noam Chomsky, or Helen Caldicott.

■ The 16-year civil war in Angola has now come to an end with a ceasefire agreement reached on May 1 between the Marxist regime in Luanda and Jonas Savimbi's Union for the Total Independence of Angola (UNITA). The accord calls for free elections in the second half of 1992. In effect, it is a victory for UNITA and for the United States, which has backed UNITA with military aid since the misguided ban on such aid was repealed in 1985. Savimbi will more than hold his own in a free electoral contest, which represents the kind of democratization for which he has been fighting. The Soviets and Cubans long since abandoned any hopes for military victory: the Cubans are already almost gone under an agreement reached in 1988; the Soviets grew tired of funding a war whose futility was assured by a determined UNITA and an equally determined United States. Mark down another success for Ronald Reagan and for the doctrine that bears his name.

■ The Reverend Al Sharpton arrived in London for a visit a few days ago and, making himself right at home, accused Queen Elizabeth of racism. That set off everyone. Even the liberal newspaper *The Independent* called him "the most odious man in America." Sharpton had come to attend a memorial rally for a black youth who had been stabbed to death by white punks; after telling the crowd that the Queen and Prime Minister John Major, among others, were bigots, Sharpton did the talk shows, and so to bed.

■ Taiwan's 42-year-long civil war with Red China formally ended May 1, as President Lee Teng-hui terminated the long-standing "Period of Mobilization for Suppression of the Communist Rebellion." Lee's action, while not relinquishing the Taiwan government's claim to be the legitimate ruler of all China, does acknowledge the Mainland government's practical authority and marks a major step in the improvement of relations between the two adversaries (their "indirect" trade reached $4 billion in 1990). Domestically, it nearly completes Taipei's push for democratic reform. The nation's first-ever free and popular elections will occur in 1992. Maybe it's time we in the West made a similar bow to reality by admitting Taiwan—the world's 13th largest trading nation (and the sixth largest trader with the U.S.)—as a full-fledged member of GATT.

■ Incidentally, police in Taiwan have broken up a ring of deaf-mute robbers who formed their gang and learned the necessary communication skills attending a government deaf-mute school.

■ The saga of our ill-starred embassy in Moscow

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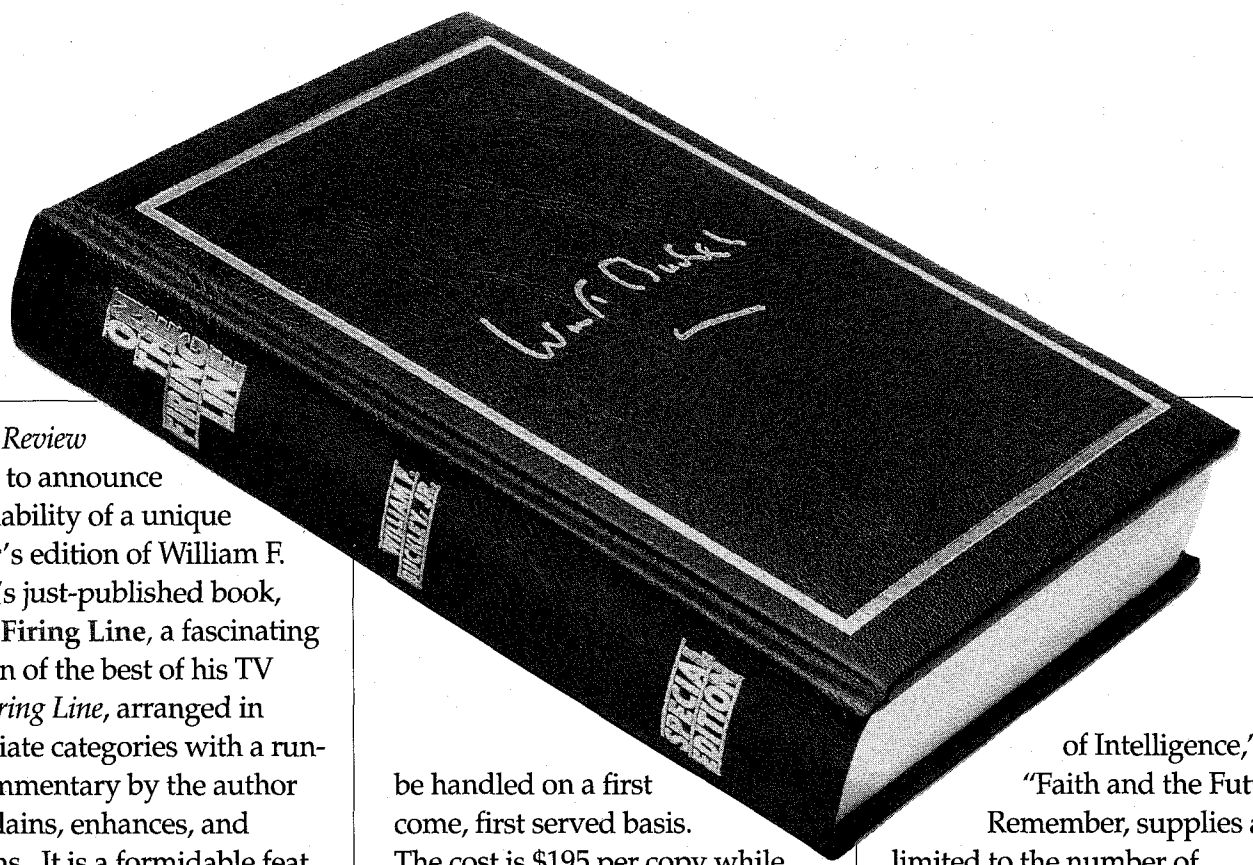

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continues. The March 28 fire may or may not have been a windfall for the KGB, as Soviet firefighters went about unescorted for a time. (The State Department now denies any serious security breach.) But while our diplomats labor in a dilapidated old firetrap, competing plans to solve the problem of a new embassy are hopelessly deadlocked in Washington. The notorious new building is 65 per cent complete, but has remained unoccupied since it was found in 1985 to be riddled with KGB bugs. The State Department has come up with a plan (nicknamed "Top Hat") to make the building useable: demolish the top two floors and add four new floors, all built securely by U.S. workers with U.S. materials. The House Foreign Affairs Committee approved the plan. Now, the Senate Appropriations Committee has rejected it, saying it's not secure enough. We seem to be acting on the principle: When in Moscow . . .

■ A special committee of the Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.) formed to re-examine church teaching on sexuality has specifically endorsed homosexual ministers, teen sex, and the erotic generally. The authors claimed their proposals were prompted by declining church membership. But surely this is too roundabout a method of solving the problem.

■ Eighty-five per cent of those questioned in a British poll called themselves Christian, but 34 per cent didn't know what happened on the original Good Friday, 39 per cent didn't know what happened Easter Sunday, and 50 per cent didn't have a ghost of an idea (holy or otherwise) that what happened happened in Jerusalem. Maybe the British are the first post-Christian Christians.

■ Meanwhile, a new book purporting to reveal "the true soul of modern America" reports that 90 per cent of us say we "truly believe in God." But to judge by other findings in *The Day America Told the Truth*, by James Paterson and Peter Kim, there is some confusion about what He expects of us. Of five thousand people polled in strict confidentiality, 91 per cent admitted they lie regularly to their friends and spouses. Sixteen per cent said they would kill their spouse for a sufficient sum of money; another 7 per cent said if the price were right they'd murder a stranger. And so on, all leaving the impression, as a British paper put it, of "a cynical and self-centered country." No doubt an overstatement; truly modest, introspective people probably would shy away from participating in such a poll. But we now know that for a sufficient sum of money, at least two Americans will assemble a book of titillating interest to the statistically curious, but useless and even discouraging to the morally serious.

■ Madonna's new movie, *Madonna: Truth or Dare*, will be reviewed in *NR* in due course, but one preliminary thing can be said: the woman is a great entrepreneur. She attracts notoriety and cash like a magnet. Much is being written and said about her remarkable candor and self-revelation in this movie. We judge her "revelations," however, to be put-ons designed to appeal to prole-cult. She simulates masturbation and picks her nose. Heroic defiance of something or other. If you want to impress us, young lady, shake a legato.

■ Congratulations to *The New Republic* on winning the National Magazine Award for general excellence in its circulation category (under 100,000, which is why we can afford to be magnanimous). In accepting the award, publisher Marty Peretz said, "we think we have kept faithful to the promise of [founding editor] Herbert Croly to light explosives under the tables of the policy elite." But, like woman's work, editor's work is never done, and the *Washington Post* account of the event pointed out a table that could use its charge of dynamite: at the dinner the night before, the assembled editors "were treated to eighty pre-meal minutes of New York Governor Mario Cuomo's unhappiness with the state of the union."

■ Federal bird-feather police swooped down on a small boy who had picked up feathers in his back yard for his science-fair project, confiscating the collection and reducing the boy to tears.

■ In case you missed it, Senator Robert Byrd has managed to deliver in one year the billion dollars in porkbarrel spending he promised to bring to West Virginia in six if the good people re-elected him last fall. Ah, for the days when campaign promises were forgotten . . .

Not All the President's Men

BOB WOODWARD's new book, *The Commanders*, offers an intimate portrait of our defense establishment—notably its leaders, Secretary of Defense Dick Cheney and Chairman of the Joint Chiefs Colin Powell—and their interaction with the White House in the first two years of the Bush Administration. It is a detailed account based on extraordinary access given to Woodward by Cheney and Powell over the entire period, including the Gulf crisis. He cites hundreds of sources and quotes verbatim or nearly verbatim from highly classified and sensitive documents, briefings, meetings, and diplomatic exchanges.

No one is in a position to verify the accuracy of the bulk of Woodward's details, given his journalistic reliance on sources most of whom chose to remain

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anonymous. But there is evidently enough truth in the book to give rise to serious concern.

First, it says something extraordinary about the political culture of Washington that Cheney and Powell granted a journalist—especially one with the muckraking proclivities of Woodward—such intimate access to the innermost workings of the U.S. Government. What could have been their motive? Vanity, to leave posterity a better record of their weighty thoughts? Self-defense, on the ground that if they didn't cooperate with him he would write his book anyway, relying on lower-level leakers? When war threatened, they could have begged off from commitments made when it looked to be a more ordinary bureaucratic story. But they didn't. A peculiar judgment.

Second, the book's portrait of Colin Powell is disillusioning. The misgivings about war that he continually poured out to Woodward and others reveal a man far more Weinbergerized than most of us imagined. Powell was, of course, a protégé of Weinberger, who habitually voiced an aversion to the use of force that reflected the persistent Vietnam trauma of our uniformed military. Even Ronald Reagan found it difficult to get his military subordinates to act, whether in Lebanon or Libya. Colin Powell, to his credit, was apparently loyal and responsive to presidential authority throughout the Gulf crisis, whatever his misgivings; he deserves credit for the brilliance and success of the military plans eventually adopted. But his caution led him to insist on political judgments—as to the viability of reliance on economic sanctions, for example—which not only were wrong but were not his province in the first place.

Third, the book will do harm. For one thing, it will poison the atmosphere of trust within the councils of the Administration. It will compound the usual effect of leaks—which is to make policy-makers less candid both in their discussions with each other and in what they record on paper for others to see. The journalist's gain is the historian's loss, not to mention the corrosive effect the book may have on the quality of current deliberations.

Finally, there is the political effect. Anti-war liberals are already crowing that their advocacy of "containing" Iraq could not have been so wrongheaded if our chief warrior held the same view. General Powell should be embarrassed to have the likes of Anthony Lewis singing his praises. By the revelations in this book (even more than by his private views), he has lent his prestige to those essentially doing battle against a strong foreign policy, to an attitude and philosophy that many of us hoped had finally been discredited by the war's outcome, indeed to a school of thought that Powell himself must surely find objectionable.

History has already rendered its positive verdict on Desert Shield and Desert Storm: The President was right; his critics—now apparently including Powell—were wrong. The struggle over the future of American foreign policy, however, goes on. In that struggle, this is a setback.

Quayle: Capax Imperii?

NO SOONER had George Bush's atrial fibrillation been announced than the whole herd of punditry began getting high blood pressure over the possibility of a Quayle Presidency. They should be given a mild sedative.

True, Quayle has become a national joke. Most Vice Presidents do: it goes with the job. But in fact, Quayle has piled up a fairly impressive record. His knowledge of defense systems is respected in the capital. He opposed quick disarmament and favored keeping a strong military before it was fashionable. And his judgment that the Gulf War ceasefire was premature looks in retrospect wiser than the advice of the President's other counselors.

Nothing that Mr. Quayle has said or done in the past three years has justified this attack of mass anxiety, and indeed nobody has quite spelled out just why it would be so terrifying to live under a Quayle Presidency. That it would be is simply one of the many tacit unanimities of herd journalism.

Quayle's real problem is that he looks and sounds so young he probably has to produce an ID to get served in a Washington bar. In most positions, youthful good looks are envied. In Quayle's, they undercut the sense of authority a man in his office should communicate. Mr. Gravitas he ain't.

That doesn't mean he might not govern well. Ronald Reagan did, though he too lacked everything that liberal opinion regarded as a virtue. But the hard fact of politics is that all the other virtues are worthless without authority to underpin them. Mr. Quayle's tribulations attest to that. And they are, alas, likely to continue until age, experience, or the

Even Best Friends Won't Tell

Though Genghis Khan was not well liked
  And humpbacked Richard triggered
Unkind remarks when claimants died
  As loyal henchmen sniggered,
The President seems unaware
  That—since New Hampshire—you knew
Nobody rubs the wrong way like
  His Chief of Staff, Sununu.

W. H. VON DREELE

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sudden unwanted responsibilities of the highest office invest him with it.

False START

FOR A MOMENT, recently, President Bush contemplated a minor but useful departure in our dealings with the Soviet Union. His spokesman announced that the United States might be willing to engage in a summit meeting with President Gorbachev even in the absence of a Strategic Arms Reduction Talks (START) agreement limiting nuclear weapons. Alas, the Administration retreated before the squeals of protest from bureaucrats and experts who have been conditioned by two decades of détente-think into believing that the leaders of the U.S. and USSR can meet only if they sign an arms-control treaty. The Soviets have come to count on our overpowering desire for arms control to elicit concessions from Presidents eager to win applause for making the world safer (at least in theory) from nuclear war. And, of course, those who spend their lives negotiating these deals and discoursing on the esoterica of arms control cannot imagine that it is anything but the most important issue in U.S.–Soviet relations.

In truth, arms control has always been something of an illusion: political relations are what breed peace, war, or something in between, not elaborate technical arrangements. The Soviets have skillfully used arms control to score political points, and in particular to claim an equality with us that is chimerical. It helps neither us nor, for that matter, them if we reinforce the delusion that they remain a superpower in anything but the narrowest sense of the term. Nor does it make sense for us to bolster Gorbachev's prestige at a time when his limits as a statesman and a leader have become apparent even to us, let alone his own people.

Arms-control agreements have, from time to time, served us ill. No need to point to the far-from-helpful naval agreements of the 1920s and '30s that weakened the Anglo-American powers before World War II: it is enough to observe how arms control in the form of unthinking support for the Anti-Ballistic Missile (ABM) treaty is an obstacle to development of American strategic defenses. And some of the "merely technical" issues that remain in dispute are hardly insignificant—among other things, the United States has to decide how much intrusive inspection of our facilities and weapons we care to allow. On the whole, the Soviets are probably likely to benefit more than we will from the intelligence-collection opportunities offered thereby.

This is not to say that we should scupper the START treaty, merely that we should take our time about it. We have never done anything about Soviet cheating on arms control, but always rushed into one agreement after another even when, as now, such a deal is more in the interests of that collapsing giant than of our own side. If the Soviets really want an agreement before the summit, they should have it only on our terms.

Get Well, Mr. Bush

At egg rolls and occasions where
The viewers don't get *mal de mer*
Observing Mr. Quayle as he
Cuts ribbons with dexterity,
One often overlooks the fact
That there he is, prepared to act.

W. H. VON DREELE

Interest-Rate Politics

TWO MONTHS after the war to end all recessions, and ten months before the New Hampshire primary, the economy still languishes. It's scapegoat time, and the Administration has fallen back on those old standbys—the Germans and the Japanese.

The Federal Reserve's attempt to jump-start the U.S. economy by lowering interest rates, so the argument goes, is being nullified by persistently high rates in Japan and Germany. Until international interest-rate spreads are narrowed, monetary loosening in this country will simply send capital—both U.S. and foreign—abroad in search of higher yields, thus worsening the recession and weakening the dollar.

Blaming faceless foreign bankers for our economic problems has undeniable political appeal. Unfortunately, this argument is based more on illusion than on reality. German interest rates are high because of the enormous increase in money supply—and, therefore, in expected future inflation rates—stemming from reunification. Japan's economy, after booming for three years, is running afoul of labor shortages and a falling yen. When the ballyhooed interest-rate differential is adjusted for the differing prospects for inflation in these nations, it largely vanishes. So the Fed needn't worry about their actions in planning its own.

The failure of the economy to respond to the sharp decline in interest rates since last October remains troublesome, however. Some economists believe that U.S. consumers are still paying the bills they ran up during the credit excesses of the Eighties, and therefore are unable to take advantage of lower rates

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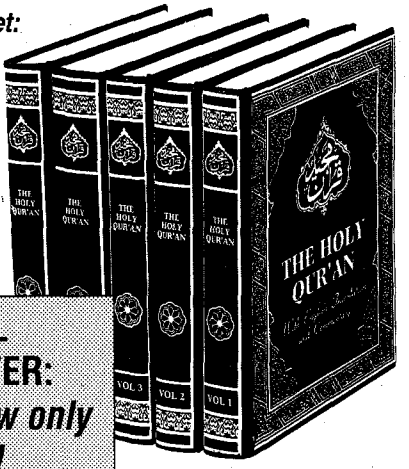

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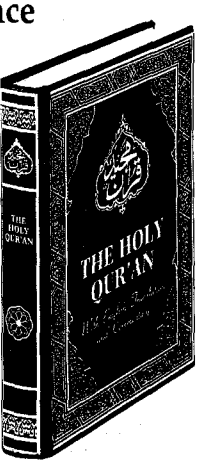

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now. Many banks seem unwilling to pass along lower credit costs to consumers: the spread between the prime rate and the federal-funds rate is currently 3 percentage points, the widest since the early 1980s. And though consumers who are still employed remain confident, their disposable income has been squeezed by federal, state, and local tax hikes.

Of course, what we're looking at may be the perverse consequences of an activist monetary policy. Each successive interest-rate reduction may well give consumers and businesses an excuse to hold off borrowing until the next reduction. That would in turn push the economic recovery further and further into the future, as people base their decisions not upon current interest rates but upon expected future rates. By the time the market responds, the Fed may have overshot the mark, producing too much inflation.

All of which supports the Friedmanite prescription, namely to restrict monetary policy to a regular, predictable increase in the money supply with no attempt to fine-tune the economy. This general case is singularly apposite in the present circumstances, since the government's index of leading economic indicators shows a rebound in our future. Perhaps the Administration should take its thumb off the panic button and stop pressing the Fed to keep pushing interest rates down.

Mater et Magistra, After All

ON MAY 1 the Vatican issued *Centesimus Annus* (The Hundredth Year), John Paul II's encyclical marking the centenary of Leo XIII's encyclical *Rerum Novarum* (New Things). May Day will never be the same.

As we anticipated in these pages, the new encyclical is both a sharp challenge to capitalists and a remarkably firm affirmation of capitalism. The Pope asks, "Can it perhaps be said that, after the failure of Communism, capitalism is the victorious social system, and that capitalism should be the goal of the countries now making efforts to rebuild their economy and society?" If capitalism refers to the "primitive" and often "ruthless" economic behavior criticized by Leo XIII a hundred years ago, his answer is negative. He continues: "If by 'capitalism' is meant an economic system which recognizes the fundamental and positive role of business, the market, private property and the resulting responsibility for the means of production, as well as free human creativity in the economic sector, then the answer is certainly in the affirmative."

With this encyclical, John Paul has, quite simply, changed the map of Catholic social teaching. In Catholic doctrine, of course, it is a matter not of change but of development. Without questioning that, we do note that some developments are more breathtaking than others.

Those Catholics who have for years given a socialist twist to the Church's social tradition and those who have argued that Catholicism urges a "third way" between capitalism and socialism are now manifestly out of line with the Church's authoritative teaching. For starters, the American bishops might want to think about recalling the tons of educational materials based on their suddenly obsolete 1986 pastoral letter, "Economic Justice for All."

Addressing the whole world, the Pope challenges capitalists, but he challenges them to be better practitioners of what he calls "the new capitalism" or, more simply, "the free economy." Most urgently, he wants developed economies to work harder at opening up the system so that the poor of the world can participate in its benefits. The trouble is not that the poor are oppressed by capitalism but that they are "marginalized" from its world economy.

John Paul condemns much that is wrong in the developed societies, from drug trafficking to abortion to the dissolution of family ties. He explicitly states that these evils are not the fault of the economic system but the result of cultural and spiritual degradation. What an economic system can do, "the free economy" does very well. However, it must be joined to—indeed its future depends upon—a cultural and moral renewal. Friends of republican governance and a market economy should have no argument with that.

Why Mrs. Ferraro Runs

Al D'Amato, whose margin was narrow,
Has been busy extracting an arrow
  60 Minutes affixed
  As his polling turned mixed
And they wheeled him around in a barrow.

W. H. VON DREELE

Partners in Crime

IN A relatively overlooked decision in early April, the Supreme Court effectively imposed racial quotas upon a critical part of the criminal-justice process—jury selection.

Traditionally, in criminal trials, both the prosecutor and the defense lawyer have been entitled not merely to challenges of jurors for "cause" (where prejudice, for example, can be shown) but also to

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what are known as "peremptory" challenges (where each side can strike a limited number of jurors for reasons less easy to articulate). Courthouse observers understand that defense lawyers tend to use their peremptories to remove jurors who are small-businessmen, relatives of policemen, and those who otherwise exhibit excessive law-abidingness. Prosecutors tend to remove professors at small liberal-arts colleges and contributors to public television. As a result of this dialectical process, some semblance of a "fair" jury is thought to emerge.

Several years ago, the High Court, not content with a roughly workable status quo, held that peremptory challenges by prosecutors would be scrutinized for racial bias—but not those by defense lawyers. Increasingly, prosecutors' challenges exercised disproportionately against black jurors have become the subject of litigation and appeal.

Not at all unexpectedly, the inability of prosecutors to translate hunches and gut feelings about jurors into testimony in a civil-rights action has chilled their use of peremptories against black jurors unless

RIGHT DATA

The Family Tax

THE tax-fairness debate invariably focuses on whether the rich pay sufficiently more than those of more modest incomes. Yet family size rarely enters the discussion, even though most would agree that a "rich" five-person family with income of, say, $100,000, is no better off than a single person earning half as much.

In earlier years the tax code fully recognized the importance of the family by granting substantial personal exemptions for dependents, most of whom are children. But exemptions for dependents have dramatically failed to keep pace with inflation:

THE DWINDLING PERSONAL EXEMPTION

	In Nominal Dollars	In 1989 Dollars	As % of Median Family Income
1950	600	3,087	18.1
1960	600	2,513	10.7
1970	625	1,997	6.3
1980	1,000	1,505	4.8
1985	1,040	1,152	3.6
1989	2,000	2,000	5.8

Figures prepared by the office of Senator Dan Coats (R., Ind.) show that in constant dollars the personal exemption was worth $1,087 more in 1950 than in 1989. Forty years ago the $600 exemption represented 18.1 per cent of a median family's income; today's exemption ($2,050 in 1990) shields less than 6 per cent of this family's income from taxation.

Singles needn't worry: they've gained far more from higher standard deductions over the past thirty years than they've lost from smaller real personal exemptions. Similarly, upper-middle-class and truly wealthy families pay a smaller fraction of income to the government now than in earlier years because of the sharp reductions in the top marginal tax rate. Poor families are also not harmed because, thanks to the 1986 tax reforms, they pay no income tax.

But for lower-middle-class families the withering of personal exemptions has brought a substantial decline in after-tax income: in 1960 a four-person family earning the equivalent of $22,100 paid no taxes; today that family has a tax liability of more than $2,000.

Mr. Coats would double the personal exemption for all taxpayers, at a cost of some $30 billion to $50 billion in forgone income-tax revenues, according to some estimates. A tax-relief bill sponsored by Congressmen Frank Wolf (R., Va.) would target familes, raising the exemption to $3,500 for each child under age 18. This would hold costs down to the $8- to $12-billion range.

And other tax-code changes could easily recoup these losses. We might, for example, include the value of employer-provided medical insurance in employees' taxable income, thereby raising as much as $30 billion while putting a socially desirable brake on medical costs. The deduction for state and local taxes subsidizes high-tax states and cities; eliminating it would raise $15 billion. That most sacred of all loopholes, the mortgage-interest deduction, could be capped at $20,000, bringing in another $2 billion annually. A higher personal exemption would make the child-care tax credit redundant; its elimination would save $4 billion and also undo the tax code's bias against mothers who stay at home to care for their children. Surely it is fairer to distribute tax relief on the basis of mouths to feed rather than home ownership, child-care arrangements, or fringe benefits.

In fact, the cost of doubling the personal exemption may be vastly overstated. Millions of working-class families would be dropped from the 31 per cent tax bracket to the 15 per cent bracket, or be removed from the tax rolls entirely. The supply-side boost to the economy would keep costs far below the static estimates. —ED RUBENSTEIN

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some white jurors could also be removed on an equal basis. Just as the Civil Rights Act currently before Congress would foster quotas by making race-conscious policies the least hazardous course for businessmen, the Court's decisions have prompted the same response by prosecutors.

The April decision took this tendency a step further by overturning the murder conviction of a white defendant on the grounds that six out of nine peremptories were exercised against black jurors. Yet the challenges, in this case, cannot have been based on race as such. The prosecutor must have calculated that the potential jurors would be biased against police and prosecution evidence. This is surely what peremptories are for.

There has been little public outcry over this decision. Yet, in thousands of courthouses around the country, thousands of prosecutors, in tens of thousands of trials, will now hesitate and fail to exercise challenges against jurors who, they believe on the basis of their experience, will not hear their case with an open mind. No such hesitation will occur on the part of the defense lawyers. In some unknown number of cases, juries—which normally act only upon the basis of unanimous agreement—will return verdicts in which, as Justice Scalia noted in dissent, "crime goes unpunished and criminals go free."

An American Culture

HARVARD Professor Henry Louis Gates and Yale's Dean Donald Kagan recently squared off in a debate that has implications beyond the academy (*New York Times*, op-ed page, May 4). Professor Gates, who is black, is a champion of "multiculturalism," in his case with special emphasis on black culture. Dean Kagan, the distinguished Classical historian, believes that important works of literature, art, and philosophy transcend cultural particularism and become human treasures.

Each man can and does make a strong case. The dean caused a minor sensation last fall when, in an address to the Yale freshman class, he emphasized the central importance of Western culture to the curriculum. For his part, Professor Gates, at Harvard, will surely stress the African past, the artifacts of the slaves—their contributions in folk art, music, religion—as well as black history since 1865. All these are worthy subjects of study.

The question, however, remains: Do the varied cultural hinterlands of America's ethnic groups mean that America is irresistibly "multicultural"? Or is there a distinctive *American* culture to which these different ethnic heritages have contributed in varying degrees?

At the base of the social pyramid, where newly arrived immigrants understandably congregate, Americans tend to be multicultural. They sometimes speak foreign languages or some sort of argot, have distinctive customs and dress, maintain links with the mother country, etc. As they and their children move up the social and economic ladders, however, they gradually and unselfconsciously adopt native American manners (and we do not mean American Indian ones). No one in middle management, let alone the President's Cabinet or the board at Chase Manhattan, is sporting dreadlocks or national dress. The important social divisions in American life are those between the Knickerbocker Club, the Nashville Kiwanis, and Teamsters' Local 137—but to a foreign eye they all look WASPish.

Thus, America may be multi-ethnic, but, after a few steps up the social pyramid, it becomes increasingly unicultural. And this unifies and harmonizes an extraordinarily diverse group of races and nations. A genuinely multicultural society would be a Tower of Babel riven by conflict and separatist passions as, for instance, India is. Which is not to say that America's essentially Anglophone culture should not be enriched by such exotic cultural hybrids as jazz, the Jewish novel, the pizza parlor, the rhumba, Cajun cooking, and the zoot suit (from Mexico, in case you're wondering).

There is some irony in the fact that Professor Gates will be pushing "black culture" at Harvard, one historic mission of which has long been to departicularize its students and thus prepare them to become powerful and successful Americans. He doubtless hopes to make the students more aware of the distinctive black contribution to America. We in turn hope that the result will not be to tempt Harvard's black students into an exotic ghetto in which they will express one aspect of their heritage, and languish.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Memo to: Our readers
From: WFB
In re: Golden opportunity

Once again, our European correspondent, Mr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, will be touring the United States during October and November. He is, by the unanimous vote of all the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, the most comprehensively educated man since Erasmus, who was said to know everything that was known at the time he lived. Every decade of the twentieth century, it is recorded, the sum total of human knowledge has increased 100 per cent. If they keep that up for another century, human knowledge will then equal what Erik knows now.

His most recent book, *Leftism Revisited*, is a tri-

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umphant collection of his thoughts on critical historical, philosophical, and political issues. It is published by Regnery Gateway and should be in everyone's library.

Erik arranges his own lecture schedules, and is willing (and able) to talk to your group on any theme. Address Mr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn at A-6072 Lans, Tyrol, Austria.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I recently encountered a bit of "anti-Buckley" sentiment when I went to the library here at the University of California at Davis to ask if they had yet received a copy of *Tucker's Last Stand*. "Is this book by *the* William F. Buckley?" the older gentleman at the information desk asked me.

"Yes," I replied.

"Well, we should have it. Even though we don't much like him around here, we couldn't get away with not having his books," he said, while poking around on his computer.

Perhaps you could warn the rest of your readers that in some places of higher learning, requesting your books may be a social faux pas.

Sincerely,
Joel Kilpatrick
Davis, Calif.

Dear Mr. Kilpatrick: Yes, but reading them is a literary and intellectual necessity! Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

According to people I've met returning from Russia, Mr. Yeltsin is supported strongly by the Pamyat organization.

Is this true?

If so, is this a matter to be concerned about; i.e., does this indicate fascist tendencies by Mr. Yeltsin?

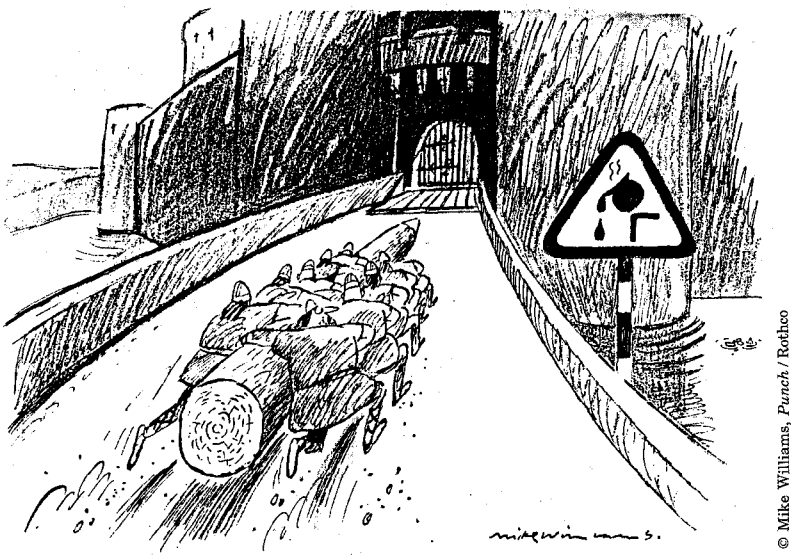
Thank you.

Sincerely,
Milton S. Goldman
Blackfoot, Idaho

Dear Mr. Goldman: We don't know. But in any event, it would be wrong to make the assumption that the tail wags the dog, else it would follow that the ruling party of Israel has a tendency to expel all Arabs, as a splinter party in its coalition demands; or that Mitterrand's use of a Communist in his coalition government in 1981 suggested he had pro-Communist tendencies; or that FDR's courting of the Communist vote in 1940 and '44 suggested he was pro-Red (he was other things). Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the fall of 1986, Captain Paul J. Weaver and I



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arrived at Hurlburt Field, Florida, prepared to learn how to operate our new aircraft, the AC-130H Spectre Gunship. Aviators rarely discuss anything other than flying, but Paul was unique in his interests and breadth of knowledge. Our conversations quickly moved to politics.

Paul was passionately conservative, and as our conversations progressed, I realized he was extremely well read on the issues of the day, and I was not. He suggested a subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW and I shall forever be in his debt.

Paul was equally passionate in his respect and love for your magazine, your columns, and most of all *Firing Line*. He was one of your greatest unknown admirers.

On January 31, 1991, Major Weaver was the aircraft commander of a gunship, Spirit 03, engaged with enemy forces during the battle of Khafji. He and his crew of 13 were desperately searching for an Iraqi surface-to-surface missile site that was threatening U.S. Marines in the area. Numerous anti-aircraft-artillery sites were reported to the crew by two gunships exiting the area, but they elected to stay and support the Marines.

Spirit 03 was shot down that morning and all 14 aboard were lost. I don't know if you knew any of America's casualties personally, but one of them knew you very well. In Paul Weaver, America has lost a great patriot and warrior, and you, a faithful follower.

I thought you should know.

Sincerely,
Charles G. McMillan
Captain
USAF
Edwards AFB, Calif.

Dear Captain McMillan: I am profoundly moved; and I extend you, his friend, our condolences, even as we share your pride in our friend. Gratefully,

—WFB

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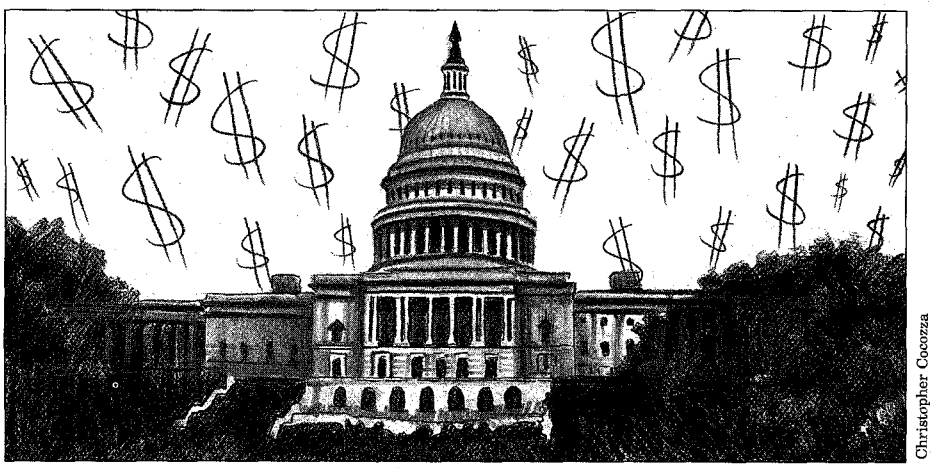
ON THE SCENE

The Numbers Game

WILLIAM McGURN



Christopher Cocozza

WASHINGTON, D.C.

WHEN Daniel Patrick Moynihan moved to cut Social Security taxes, he thought he had a winner. Sure, George Bush, Phil Gramm, and Newt Gingrich all opposed the measure, but doing so plopped them on the other side of the tax-cutting fence and allowed Democrats to steal some economic thunder. Further, the measure had the support of a number of conservative Republicans. But when it came up for a Senate vote it was defeated, 60 to 38.

What finally did Moynihan in was a combination of two things. First was demagoguery from the White House about not fooling with the Social Security system. But the silver bullet was a surprise Congressional Budget Office (CBO) report maintaining that any cut in Social Security taxes would lower savings, boost inflation, and—most important—bring about a "reduction in the growth of GNP." That's right, tax cuts are bad for growth. Moynihan never saw it coming.

In fact, he was never meant to. The CBO report was requested by the chairman of the powerful Senate Finance Committee, Lloyd Bentsen (D., Tex.), and although the study was ready on March 19 it was not made public until almost a month later, less than two weeks before the vote. Moynihan was taken by surprise, and simply did not have enough time to challenge the CBO assumptions. The measure went down in flames.

It's a familiar tale to veterans of the Reagan wars over budgets and taxes. "When I was at OMB," says former director James C. Miller III, "I used to be chagrined almost every day when I read how our findings and CBO's were presented. The papers always said 'the Reagan OMB' or similar adjectives, while the CBO was invariably preceded by adjectives like 'non-partisan,' 'impartial,' or 'objective.'"

"CBO was so wrong on Kemp–Roth," says original co-sponsor, Jack Kemp. "The problem is that CBO doesn't make any distinctions about how the money gets into people's pockets—whether it comes from a welfare check, a bingo win, or a capital gain. The incentives they deal with are for government, not individuals."

According to the 1974 Budget Act, which created the CBO, the organization is supposed to be an impartial body under a director appointed "without regard to his political affiliation." The problem is that the CBO director is appointed by the speaker of the House and the president pro tempore of the Senate with advice from the House and Senate Budget Committees: in short, by Democrats. The people who are thus hired not only tend to share the same economic outlook, they are also well aware that they owe their jobs to the Democrats.

Take the flap over the CBO's figures for the House Ways and Means Committee's *Green Book*. The tables in the *Green Book* are important because they are used as the starting point for the whole debate on tax fairness, and this year the figures are distorted by a statistical assumption whose effect is vastly to overestimate income disparities [see "Right Data," May 13]. This is by no means the first time the CBO has included such faulty assumptions, but it is the first time it has been taken to task for it. Representative Dick Armey (R., Tex.), ranking Republican on the Joint Economic Committee, has just released his own report entitled "Distorting the Data Base: CBO and the Politics of Income Redistribution."

Congressman Armey is at pains to emphasize that the blame lies less with the CBO itself than with the way it has become the exclusive domain of the ruling party in Congress. "The CBO is more a victim of partisanship than a perpetrator," says Armey. "But the work it produces has a consistent partisan error."

Armey has some personal experience here. Last year, when he moved to eliminate federal subsidies for peanut farmers, Representative Charles Rose (D., N.C.) stood up and cited a CBO finding that the move would cost millions of dollars. The result was that Armey's amendment was ruled out of order for exceeding budget authority. When Armey got back to his office he had a staffer call the CBO to get a copy of the report; the staffer was told it was not even in writing. Rose had got the information in a phone call. The CBO apologized to Armey, but the damage was done.

The CBO structure only encourages this kind of abuse. For one thing, there is no accountability in its appointments: unlike the public hearings for executive appointees, CBO Director Robert D. Reischauer's hearings before the Budget Committee were

Mr. McGurn is NR*'s Washington bureau chief.*

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held behind closed doors. Similar secrecy surrounds the CBO's reports; in his letter requesting the report on the Moynihan Social Security proposal, Bentsen specifically directed the CBO "not to make any distribution of the required analytical work outside of CBO except to me, and withhold public access to it until such time as the committee otherwise instructs or has itself already released the results." Although any congressman can request a CBO study into anything, if you are a committee chairman (again, which means you are a Democrat) you get yours done on time.

On top of this, those requesting the studies can help predetermine the outcome by setting the parameters or narrowing the perimeters; the study on the Moynihan proposal, for example, does not address the effect on employment at all, estimated by some supporters at as many as a million new jobs. The CBO does mention the omission, but only in a footnote at the bottom of page ten.

Realistically, Armey's focus on the CBO probably isn't going to lead to any real reform, at least as long as the Democrats control Congress. But what he can do is publicly strip back the veneer of non-partisanship so that the public can see the CBO's studies for what they are. All of which makes it harder to understand why Richard Darman's Office of Management and Budget came out with its own memo against the Social Security cut specifically endorsing the CBO findings under the heading, "The Big Picture—Slowing Economic Growth." Although theoretically confined to Social Security tax cuts, the Keynesian model the CBO is working with clearly holds that all tax cuts are inherently inflationary, bad for interest rates, and bad for growth, not to mention the Bush Administration's own agenda.

"By accepting the CBO findings here the danger is that we lose that which we gained in the Eighties, that lower tax rates on labor, capital, and the family lead to real economic growth," says HUD Secretary Kemp. "This is going to make it more difficult for the President to get what he wants on capital gains." □

The Subcontinental Blues

BRUCE C. McKENNA

ISLAMABAD

LAST November 6, when the president and chief bureaucrat of Pakistan, Ghulam Ishaq Khan, administered the oath of office to Nawaz Sharif, Pakistan's second elected prime minister in 14 years, a strange thing happened, or rather didn't happen. Unlike the fanfare that accompanied Benazir Bhutto's electoral triumph twenty months earlier, a gala which included a resplendent military honor guard, there was no celebration whatsoever for Sharif. On the one hand, the lack of ceremony may have been a sign that the Pakistani establishment—the military and the entrenched bureaucracy—had achieved what it has always wanted, an elected protégé: after all, why fete a catspaw? On the other hand, the omission may have been an ominous portent for Sharif's future.

Mr. McKenna, a freelance writer based in New York, has traveled extensively in Pakistan and the Middle East.

Tim Bower

Sharif's supporters, including the fundamentalist Islamic parties, initially claimed that his landslide victory would usher in a much-needed period of stability for Pakistan. Supported by the military and blessed with an opposition in complete disarray, Sharif stood poised to rebuild Pakistan's economy. On the other hand, Miss Bhutto, confident that the new prime minister would run afoul of the powers that be in the same manner as every other civilian government in Pakistan's forty-year history, predicted: "He won't last six months."

While Sharif still clings to power, his ambitious economic plans have brought him into conflict with President Ishaq. More importantly, his support of the U.S. in the Gulf crisis antagonized the General Staff, who no longer want to dance to America's tune. Coupled with the contradictions that have plagued Pakistan ever since Partition—ethnic and provincial strife, tribal antagonisms, the lack of a binding national identity—these conflicts may be too much even for a protégé of the late Zia ul-Haq.

NAWAZ SHARIF's election represented several new developments in Pakistan's checkered political history. He is the first prime minister to hail from the business class rather than from the landed feudal class; he is the first prime minister from Punjab in forty years (the last three were from the province of Sindh); and perhaps most importantly, he is the first right-wing leader to give rhetorical support to anti-American sentiments. The loyal chief minister of Punjab under Zia, Sharif had ample time to develop highly placed allies within the army and the civil service, both of which are predominantly Punjabi institutions. Backed by the right-wing Islamic Democratic Alliance, Sharif holds a clear majority in the National Assembly, a luxury that eluded Benazir Bhutto. He is also seen as "a true son of Islam," while the establishment viewed the Westernized Miss Bhutto as a degenerate American lackey.

The importance of Sharif's being the nation's first "businessman prime minister" cannot be overemphasized. Businessmen have avoided politics in Pakistan, simply because an open political stance has proved fatal for businessmen (sometimes literally). And because capitalists have avoided political engagement, the nation has lacked an element that might have stabilized its weak civil institutions. To have a pragmatic (even if corrupt, as his detractors claim) money manager handling domestic affairs is a giant step forward.

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The keystone of Sharif's new economic policy is to denationalize the industries that Benazir Bhutto's father brought under state control in the mid Seventies. Banking, heavy industry, transportation, engineering, and insurance have all been targeted for privatization. Already Sharif has transferred the largest financial institution in Pakistan, the Muslim Commercial Bank (MCB), to a consortium of businessmen. Using the newly privatized banks, he plans to give incentives to industry in an effort to revive flagging industrial production.

The initial popular reaction, however, could prove to be just the first hint of future turmoil: the employees of the MCB immediately went on strike, where they remain. Other labor unrest has rippled through the country, including a national transit strike. And Benazir Bhutto warns that the lack of a comprehensive national labor policy will create serious unrest in the months to come. Prominent businessmen have voiced the fear that Sharif will move too fast and destabilize the economy, which might pave the way for greater political gains by the fundamentalist parties.

More importantly, denationalization directly threatens the vast Pakistani bureaucracy. "Denationalization without deregulation just won't work," says an oil kingpin from Islamabad, "and it remains to be seen if Ghulam Ishaq Khan will let Sharif dismantle the bloated civil service." So far, Sharif hasn't even uttered the word "deregulation" in public.

The cut-off last October of American military and economic aid represents the other immediate impediment to Sharif's ambitions: the loss, perhaps permanent, of the $600-million U.S. stipend. In addition, Pakistan's determination to build "the Islamic bomb" jeopardizes bargain-rate loans from Japan, the World Bank, and other lenders. Sharif's call for "self-reliance" may sound sweet to the average illiterate Pakistani, but if Pakistan must borrow money at commercial rates, the country will probably have to default on its international loans.

The aid cut has also exacerbated rising anti-American sentiments. Traditionally the province of the fundamentalist and radical fringes in the mosques and universities, antagonism toward the West has become a majority sentiment in the wake of the American defeat of Iraq. It has even infected the Army General Staff, traditionally neutral on such matters but irked by the withdrawal of U.S. military support: the chief of staff, Mirza Aslam Beg, has repeatedly voiced support for Saddam Hussein in his struggle against the "Infidel." Going further, the General Staff has begun to advocate "the Beg Doctrine": Pakistan must turn away from the West and reestablish close ties with Iran so that it will have a powerful ally it can depend on in case of war with India.

WHILE Islam gains ground, the ethnic strife that tore away East Pakistan (now Bangladesh) in 1971 has worsened in the last five years. The inter-tribal violence in Sindh has grown so bad recently that rumors of martial law swirl through the provincial capital, Karachi. Sindhi nationalism and resentment of the Punjabis has grown more strident. The MQM (Mohajir Qaumi Movement), a new "proto-fascist" urban political party, has capitalized on the anger of the Mohajirs —refugees from India—against the indigenous population of Sindh. Another massacre like the one that occurred a year ago in Hyderabad, when hundreds of Mohajirs were shot by Sindhi police and the military, could trigger severe riots throughout central and southern Pakistan.

Meanwhile, Pakistan's fragile civil institutions have been dealt another blow by Sharif's effort to latch onto the growing Islamic fervor of his countrymen. Like his mentor, Zia, the prime minister realizes that Islam and the military represent the only national institutions in Pakistan. And so Sharif has pushed through legislation calling for the establishment of a truly "Islamic" state based on the *Sharia*, or Koranic code of law. Although the fundamentalist Islamic parties (most notably the *Jamaat-i-Islami*) remain small, their ideological goals dominate political discourse because so many insecure Pakistanis are responding to Islam's rigid social and political conservatism. Indeed, civil servants have had to pass the "Is he a good Muslim?" litmus test for some time now, and with the introduction of the Shariat bill, this kind of social control will become the law of the land. "It's like McCarthyism in the States," says one human-rights activist. "Islam has descended over us like a pall." Even the nominally "democratic" Pakistan People's Party now spews out anti-Western rhetoric in order to remain politically viable.

That both Sharif and his democratic opponents call for the establishment of Islamic law demonstrates the desperation of the nation's political elite for a unifying ideology. But they are playing with fire. "The politicization of Islam will ruin Pakistan," says a former Supreme Court justice, who points out that the positive vestiges of the Raj are already succumbing to the straitjacket of orthodox Islam. Pakistan can no longer count on a professional, non-ideological civil service, a non-sectarian military, or a secular educational system. Even worse, now that the Shariat bill has been formally introduced in the National Assembly, the legal system created by the British, the last vaguely independent democratic institution in Pakistan, will fall under the jurisdiction of the mullahs. The demise of these British-based civil institutions will make it that much easier for the military to control the nation. Since the military has embraced fundamentalist Islam as never before, the West had best start worrying. □

New Faces in Philly

JACK FOWLER

PHILADELPHIA

THIS BALMY Friday-evening rush hour finds something new in the City of Brotherly Love: *Republicans* campaigning outside the Bridge and Pratt Streets public-transit station in working-class Northeast Philly. Commuters in a hurry are nonetheless pausing to take the flyers handed out by volunteers for the "Family First Republican Team." This is a slate of five conservative political newcomers running in the May 21

Mr. Fowler is a reporter in NR's *Washington bureau.*

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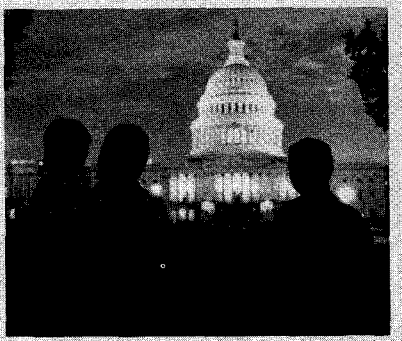
CONSERVATIVE ENERGY



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City Council primary against a liberal Republican establishment that has never presented a worthwhile alternative to the Democratic machine.

Family First is part of a national trend that shows conservatives have a chance even in the Bush era. Similar groups have taken control of the local party in the San Diego and Cincinnati areas, and the success of term-limitation initiatives in Colorado, California, and Oklahoma shows strong discontent with the establishment in both parties. In Pennsylvania last summer an unknown conservative housewife, Peg Luksik, captured 43 per cent of the vote against abrasive feminist Barbara Hafer in the GOP gubernatorial primary despite a late entry and a shoestring budget. (Miss Hafer was then swamped in the general election by the pro-life Democratic incumbent, Robert Casey.)

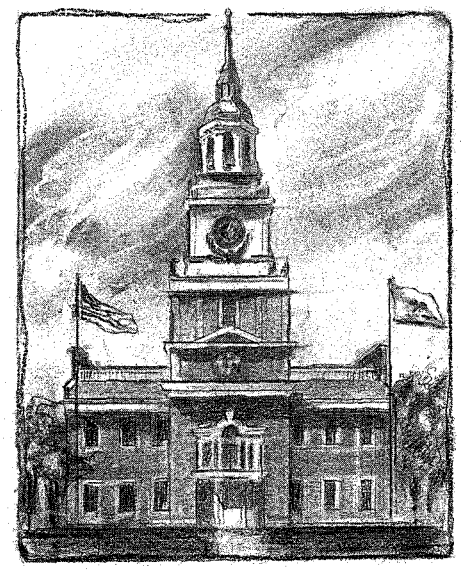
Picking up where Mrs. Luksik left off, Family First has gathered over six hundred volunteer campaign workers in just six weeks. Typical of the Family First foot soldiers is sweatshirt-clad Barry Howe, longshoreman, union man, and campaign novice, who became a Republican to work for the Team. "We're sick and tired of the city government," he told me on Pratt Street. "We want something for our money and we're not getting it."

An older man agrees: "I voted Democrat all my life. We've got a terrible Council. Not worth a thing. The Democrats are eating us up."

With the city's bankruptcy making national headlines, the moment is obviously right to unseat the Democratic majority on the City Council. But the regular Republicans aren't the answer. They have traditionally written the city off, concentrating their energies on winning statewide elections for country-club Republicans like Senator Arlen Specter (1990 ACU rating: 48), a cultural liberal who helped torpedo Robert Bork, and the late John Heinz (1990 ACU rating: 48). These are not people who can convincingly talk about collecting garbage or fixing potholes, let alone the public schools.

Family First can, and does. Its five-point platform combines populism with the new paradigm: privatization of city services to boost efficiency and cut cronyism; tax cuts to stimulate growth and halt "the flight of families and business to the suburbs"; term limitation to take power back from the career politicians; more police and firemen to let citizens feel safe again; and a school-choice program to make the schools accountable.

There are seven at-large seats on the 17-member City Council, and, by law, two of the seven seats are reserved for the top vote-getters of the minority party. The GOP establishment had stopped seriously running for majority status and was content with its allotted two seats, until Family First dropped into the race in early March. A Republican pol was quoted anonymously the next day in the *Philadelphia Daily News*, and he was scared: Family First's issues would "really hit a pulse," he said. Neither



Jennifer Lawson

the *Daily News* nor the *Inquirer* has covered the group since.

The candidates are a populist's dream: two union members; two children of cops, one of a fireman; two ex-Democrats. In addition, they are all Catholics active in their parishes, in a city where the GOP is increasingly Catholic (former Mayor Frank Rizzo switched five years ago, and many co-religionists have followed as Democratic Mayor Wilson Goode made himself a laughing stock and Ronald Reagan showed that the GOP is not just for the rich). Chuck Volz is a lawyer and a widower with a young daughter, Ed Moffit is a schoolteacher, Marie McGuirl a counselor for troubled teens, Terri Bold a businesswoman, Joe Pirolli a retired engineer. They're the same sort of folks as the voters who are reading their flyers: "TIRED OF . . . the bloated city payroll? . . . the scarcity of police and fire personnel? . . . the same old tired faces, the same crooked politics, the same unsolved problems, the same feeble answers, OVER AND OVER AGAIN?"

The old tired faces include the regular GOP. Volz pinpoints the problem: even as "our public-school system is turning out functional illiterates and we've just sold our public buildings," Joan Specter, Arlen's wife and a 16-year Council member, "has a candy walnut pie recipe in her campaign literature." The other incumbent is the equally liberal Thacher Longstreth, whose name pretty much says it all to ethnic voters.

The other members of the establishment slate are Dolores Weaver, a black businesswoman shellacked in a 1987 Council race by a 15 to 1 margin; Diana Roca, a Puerto Rican "interior design manager"; and Joe Egan, a longtime Democratic regular who, according to local gossip, switched parties hoping to be confused with popular former GOP mayoral nominee *John* Egan. Since the last three candidates weren't added until Family First stormed into the race, it's clear the regulars are more interested in keeping control of the party than in saving the city from the Democratic disaster. As ace GOP field worker and Family First advisor John McDermott puts it: "It's just another flim-flam both parties in Philadelphia are into. It's a better show than *The Sting*."

Back at the corner of Bridge and Pratt, Mrs. McGuirl is effectively pushing the voters' buttons: "I am outraged at the bureaucracy of the public-school system. We have a one-third dropout rate, low test scores, and a less than one-half graduation rate."

When Mrs. McGuirl leaves for a family function, Terri Bold explains that Family First is true to its monicker: "We have jobs, and most of us have families. We campaign when we can." And that's not a handicap, it's the whole point. "We're the regular Joe Schmoes, just trying to make *real* democracy work."

The rush hour over, Chuck Volz, holding his two-year-old daughter, Mercedes, scans the area and finds a promising sign in nearby curbs and litter baskets: almost no discarded flyers. "That's great—people are taking them home." As he says it, a middle-aged woman plucks a flyer from a garbage can, looks at it for a minute, and takes it with her.

"That's dirty," warns the little girl. Actually, it's paydirt. □

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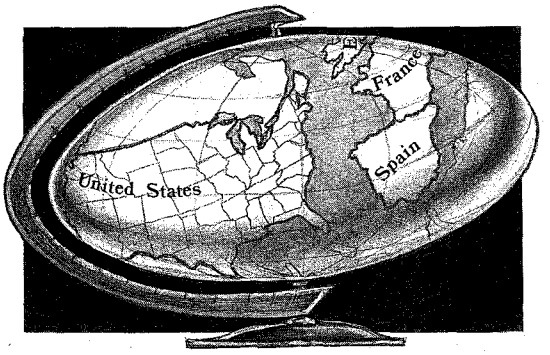
AFTER SOCIALISM, WHAT?



Socialism dominated Europe for half a century, defining its opponents as well as its adherents. Now it is dead, and in its place may come a resurgent Right, with a surprising power base.

ANTHONY DE JASAY

SOME ideologies are bad, but not all ideologies are all bad. The "end of ideology" (supposing it had really ended) would be nothing to cheer about, any more than the "end of history." Every ideology is a guidebook of sorts, a map a partisan man thinks he—and preferably all the rest of us—should follow in getting from where we are to where we ought to be, without having to puzzle out every step and agonize at every fork in the road. Such maps afford an enormous economy of scouting, fact-finding, and consideration. Instead of working out the right choice each time public options present themselves, it suffices to choose an ideology and let it whisper us our choices until, if ever, we lose confidence in it and are ready to take up a new one, or to throw away all maps and guidebooks.

Clearly, there is something of the "opium of the people" in all this, but there is more to it than just brainwashing and mind-programming. There is also an element of genuine information and doctrinal substance that helps each believer to find coherences, logical patterns in the seemingly disparate moving parts of the social machinery. As Joseph Schumpeter, one of this century's great illusion-wreckers, put it: ". . . ideologies are not simply lies: they are truthful statements about what a man thinks he sees."

If parties had no ideology, only hard-boiled cynics would know how to vote.

In the U.S., of course, genuine non-cynics are sparsely assisted in this respect, and the American political system has earned many a pat on the back for its lack of doctrinal content. Except on the fringes, neither Republican ("conservative"?) nor Democratic ("liberal") ideological guidance leads any place in particular. This suits a country that has elevated consensus to the rank of an ideal, adopted the opinion poll not merely as the compass all politicians must steer by, but also as the prime source of moral principles and rules of just conduct—and is doing quite nicely, thank you, for all that.

For better or for worse, Europe is naturally different. At least since the age of chivalry, Europe has always been good at producing strong, not to say pungent, ideologies. In fact, it is probably fair to say that no other civilization has produced any. Europeans never failed to fill their great revolutions with ideological content: 1640, 1789, 1917, and, albeit with a minus sign, 1989—each of these tried to bridge a gap between what society was and what the dominant ideology postulated that it ought to be.

The rout of socialist practice in 1989, and the immense intellectual damage socialism's already tired doctrine suffered as a result, left a void that is, *pace* the heralds of the End of This and That, going to be filled somehow. It probably matters a good deal how.

Socialist Supremacy

SOCIALISM was Europe's supreme ideology, not because it had the most adherents (we shall never know how many, or how few, it had), but because it was the most difficult to ignore or be indifferent about. Classical liberals (not to be confused with the modern Americans who go by the name "liberal") dreaded and execrated it for what they saw as its corruption of the social ethic of duty and effort, man's sense of being responsible for himself. Conservatives and pragmatists feared that as society got impregnated with the socialist world view, it would progressively cease to deliver the goods—safe cities, clean streets, public services that work, schools where children learn the three Rs and the fourth, rectitude—that citizens feel entitled to expect of it. People of all persuasions in Russian-occupied Eastern and Central Europe were

Mr. de Jasay, who has been an investment banker and taught economics at Oxford, is the author of The State *and of* Social Contract, Free Ride.

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dragged down to Third World status by socialism, and fiercely hated it. In the Soviet Union it was the ideology of socialism, more than anything else, that legitimized the nation's division into the rulers, who bore themselves as its priests, and the ruled, who bore it as a cross. Throughout Europe, every ideological position defined itself as much by how it stood vis-à-vis socialism as by its own substantive creed. Pro- or anti-business, pro- or anti-America, pro- or anti-immigrant, free trader or champion of "industrial policy" were the defining marks of where one stood, often to the neglect of such more fundamental traits as nationalist, liberal, or Christian.

Speaking in Many Tongues

THERE IS now no supreme ideology in this sense, no common reference point. There is instead a rich web of distinct ideologies, none of which is locked in bloody combat with its competitors. Pluralism and tolerance are in fashion. The post-1989 experience of the Socialist's retreat into penitence imposes, by its awful example, a superficial ideological uniformity in which Thatcherite radical conservatism, the Austrian and Italian belief in pluralist spoils-sharing, Scandinavian paternalism, and German "Christian" democracy all look, at least from a distance, much of a muchness. All are committed to electoral democracy, to respect for the buzzwords of human rights and the rule of law in international affairs. All profess their faith in the "market" (though they do not all mean the same thing by the word), and keep spreading an ever-wider social safety net under us. Unanimity about these uncontroversial values, however, masks incipient competition turning into open battle for leadership.

Janet Hamlin

For coincidentally with the vacancy of the ideological high ground, brought about by the upheavals of 1989, another new development is casting its shadow before us. Until recently, every European nation was a separate "ideological market." Christian Democracy went down well in Germany and Italy, Gaullist nationalism in France, both Toryism and radical conservatism in Britain, while a "third-road" socialism had some audience in France and Spain. However, none of these strands of thought had much of an appeal in neighboring countries. Even socialism, the international ideology *par excellence*, wore different national colors wherever it sought a mass response.

It would have been naïve to expect that the imminent prospect of the "Single European Market" must inevitably bring a ready-made common market in political doctrines, with all-European political movements springing up and marching to all-European ideological tunes. Even if national histories faded from memory and cultures converged, separate languages would not (or not for many generations), so that a unitary European political life feeding on a European public opinion is hardly imminent. The newly contrived European institutions are in no position—least of all the mock parliament in Strasbourg—to overcome the lack of a common language and of all-European mass media (though all-European interest groups, an important condition of a common political market, are quicker off the mark).

Nevertheless, even if the market in political ideas is regionally differentiated, sufficient economic integration is in the works for transnational ideologies to become viable.

The choice between a fairly closed federal Western Europe with power gravitating to Brussels, and a looser European confederation in due course including not only Czechoslovakia, Hungary, and Poland, but also some of the eventual successor states to the Soviet Union, is already an all-European issue and is likely to become one core element of a Europe-wide ideological fault line. The confederates have played their propaganda cards deplorably and got labeled as anti-European and reactionary. As of now, federalism—a rich source of new favors, patronage, and public money—is leading by several lengths.

It should perhaps go without saying that a common political structure presupposes at least one transnational ideology, and more likely the rivalry of several, for it to amount to anything more than pious regulations and new layers of trilingual bureaucracy. Europe needs a Hamiltonian kind of federal creed before federalism can have much of a chance. The beginnings of some such creed have in fact been getting a lift from the fresh recognition, brought about by the Gulf War, of what assuming a larger military role might mean. In any case the core of European federalism is now clearly about more than just economics.

Perhaps, above all, it is about redistribution of wealth, about asserting the primacy of a conscious and "European" policy over the Invisible Hand. It marshals such appealing doctrines as the obligation for the rich regions to aid the poor ones and industry to aid agriculture, and the need to protect "key" sectors and technologies, to keep in check the "blind forces" of the market and of course the outer barbarians when they compete too keenly. Corporatist and inclined to regulate what it can, this ideology justifies demands for minimum wages, limits on hours worked, safety and health stand-

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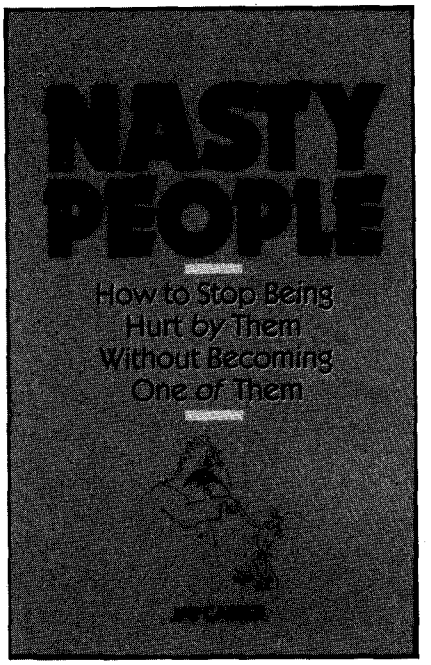

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ards, worker participation in management, and so forth. This "social dimension" of the new Europe appeals both to the Old Left, looking for "distributive justice," and to the corporate Right, including owners, managers, the professions, and the union hierarchies in the richer central areas, who fear lower-cost competition from the poorer southern and Celtic periphery. Jacques Delors, the unstoppable president of the EEC Commission, is an energetic if not always adroit promoter of these ideas. Pushed by strong interests, they seem destined to coagulate into the beginnings of a transnational neo-corporatism, which will be a likely contender for all-European ideological supremacy.

At the Starting Gate

ANOTHER STARTER—however unlikely looking at this stage—is repentant socialism itself. In making its cautious comeback, it is repudiating its more discredited beliefs in planning, bureaucratic adhockery, and "excessively" redistributive taxation. Its showroom model is the new, pro-business Swedish social democracy, which has lately been retreating from the seamless welfare provision that had turned working for a living in Sweden into a quixotic endeavor. European socialism is now reasonable to a fault. It promises to let a properly regulated market do what it is supposed to do best. All it asks is the power to rearrange such unjust outcomes as the market may still produce.

The greater part of Europe has never lived under "really existing socialism," and the opposition to it is not visceral and irreconcilable. Benito Craxi's Italian Socialists, the reformed Labor Party in Britain, the Fabius and the Rocard "currents" in the French Socialist Party, and of course the German Social Democrats do not look either menacing or daft. They are on their ideological best behavior; their assurance that we can have our cake, eat it, and love our neighbor while doing it will be carrying some conviction before long.

There is no plausible contender on the Right in the old-fashioned sense. Patriotism is fading as the memory of the last European war recedes and the next one looks a mercifully long way away. Anti-Semitism is an expiring issue. Admittedly, racism in general is on the rise and cannot but go on rising; North Africa's hopeless economies and the impossibility of closing Europe's porous frontiers to Arab immigration almost guarantee this result. None of this, however, is broad enough to offer a basis for a whole ideology, any more than the Klan used to do in the American South.

On the other hand, there are patches of fertile ground for a transnational neo-liberal Right whose creed includes individualism, freedom of contract, the sanctity of property, and "a market without adjectives," neither social nor regulated. This Right, no doubt a little optimistically, would oblige government to reduce its own prerogatives and assume a humbler role. Progress toward this ideal would by the same token diminish the practical significance of sovereignty, frontiers, and distinct national policies, encouraging the all-European spread of the laissez-faire ideology.

Strange as it may seem (though really it shouldn't), the most fervent disciples of this creed are not to be found among the rich and successful. They are instead

LESSONS FROM THE GULF WAR

THE DIVERSITY within Western Europe has proved to be a source of embarrassment, even shame, over the Iraq affair. "Europe" was first frantically brokering peace, and was gently shoved aside as an irrelevance. When it came to fighting, and 29 nations were said to be going into battle against a middling Levantine tribal chief, no more than two—the United States and Britain—did to any noticeable extent. Europe's mighty Teutonic center behaved like a smudged enlargement of Switzerland. Its pastors, women, and students marched for peace, its grown men went on doing what they usually do, and its armed forces sent smart delegations to sweep mines off Crete (happily, none were encountered) and to guard an airfield in Turkey (where they underwent the trial of an actual air-raid alert). The rest of Europe's mainland nations made contributions ranging from France's token to Italy's and Belgium's positively counter-symbolic.

This poor response was not just coldly calculated free riding on American and British suckerdom. It was, to a more telling extent, also the clueless hesitation of societies lacking clear convictions and any deeply assimilated ideological guidance. A unified, clear European position, coming down on one side of the issue or the other with no more ambiguity than, say, the U.S. Congress, was thwarted by national hang-ups and the lack of solid transnational ideological affinities.

The shift of focus from economic issues to defense and military prowess —to needs revealed and ambitions engendered by the Gulf War—is giving an unexpected nudge forward to the federalist cause. From patronizing the United States as the country of can't-shoot-straight bumbledom, European elites have once more turned to envying and admiring it as the competent organizer of a dazzlingly smooth high-tech victory. Hard as it is to see M. Delors as the future federal European war chief, leading fleets of rocket gunships on a white charger, the newfound taste for a common defense dimension—and the embarrassing lack of one at the outbreak of the war—is lending greater attraction to the idea of a tightly knit European political order. At least subconsciously, many would now trade bits of national sovereignty for a chance at making Europe into a superpower of comparable military status to the United States'—an aspiration few Europeans would have seen as other than costly folly before the thrilling video games of the Gulf War. —ADJ

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mostly quite poor and living in the ruined, comatose regions of ex-Communist Europe. The intellectual foundations of their beliefs may have been laid by Hume and Adam Smith, Acton, Hayek, and Popper, and perhaps by the *gratin* of the Chicago economics faculty. But the incipient ideological mass movement is now led by practical politicians of the stamp of Anatoly Sobchak and Gavriil Popov (the mayors of Leningrad and Moscow respectively), the Czech Vaclav Klaus, the Pole Leszek Balcerowicz, and the Free Democrats of Hungary. Breathtakingly, the Hungarian ex-Communist leader Imre Pozsgay, now in opposition to a government of Christian Socialist and nationalist leanings, has publicly warned against "social policies that would obstruct the accumulation of capital"; Balcerowicz wants to "leave social experiments to rich countries that can afford them"; and workers' councils ask for shares in privatized enterprises but contemptuously reject suggestions of group ownership not vested in individuals.

To be sure, the uncompromising classical liberalism of avant-garde political thought in the ex-socialist countries owes something to the rebound from decades of failure, humiliation, and misery. It is true, too, that its mass support is mainly a matter of being fed up with a discredited past, and doesn't presuppose a very positive, articulate view of the future. In this sense, neo-liberalism in the Eastern half of Europe is a mass *movement* but not, or not yet, a mass *ideology*. It is pure conjecture whether it will become one.

What to Root For?

AS AN intellectual movement of and for elites, individualism and classical liberalism are, however, far from being a post-Communist specialty. As an ideology, the laissez-faire Right is now undoubtedly the highbrow position to take throughout Europe, a rank it has not held since the late nineteenth century. The fashion now is to consider rival ideologies, by and large, as stodgy, plodding, and middlebrow, a treatment that infuriates the Center and the Left. Since today's highbrow ideology tends to become tomorrow's middlebrow ideology, it is perhaps safe to say that neo-liberalism will trickle down and gain wider acceptance in the next ten years or so.

It is worth stressing that unlike its transnational competitors, neo-liberalism has no real "class base." *Corporatism* is tailor-made for the managerial strata, the union bureaucracies, and the politicians. *Socialism* has a natural audience in the "scribbling and chattering class" and in remnants of the old-style working class. *Neo-liberalism* has no such sociologically defined constituency. Probably the best diagnosis one could make is that its likely public is composed of self-confident have-nots who feel they could get ahead if only the state would get off their backs.

How large and how potent is this classless public? By all accounts, quite large and vocal in the Eastern half of Europe, dispersed and mostly latent in the Western half. There seems to be a clear correlation between neo-liberalism and socio-economic failure. People now turn to it when more interventionist paths have led them to a dead end.

If this analysis is at all correct, and the "wrong" ideologies look like winning when things go reasonably well and the "right" one only when they go badly, what should one root for? Nothing better than an indifferent future for Europe, and an ideological dead heat? Or should one wish for actual failure of the present European experiment, in order that hearts and minds should become universally receptive toward the classical liberal precepts? In any event, it would seem that we must now stand conventional wisdom on its head: people will have recourse to classical liberalism when the luxury of practicing anything else has generated too much social dissatisfaction. □

AMERICA AND HER FRIENDS

GERALD FROST

IN THE new world order which President Bush says is struggling to be born, who will be America's friends and how will they assist it in times of trouble? In redefining its interests America will look naturally to its traditional European partners in the Western Alliance. America's expectations of these allies, however, have undergone some significant changes as a result of the Gulf War. Resentment at the miserable level of support given by some European countries may have somewhat diminished with the glorious victory. Americans are generous people with short memOries. But American policymakers are bound to ask themselves whether the European performance will be any better next time there is a call to arms. Will the Germans be more robust, the Italians, Spanish, and Belgians less ambivalent? Will the French be able to resist the temptation to launch unilateral gestures, proving loyal only when all other avenues have been exhausted?

There is at least one important reason why American leadership will be taken more seriously, which is that

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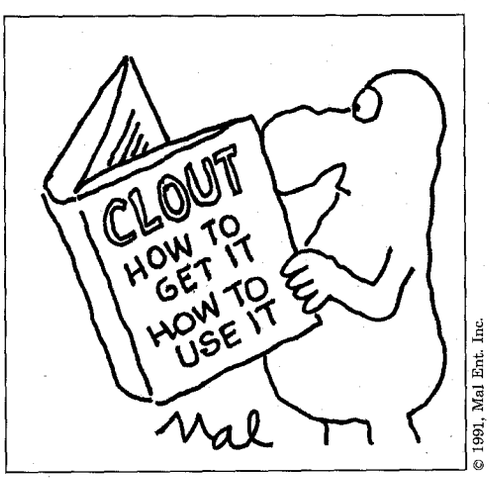
displays of military effectiveness such as the one we have recently witnessed convey a message that is universally respected. Close allies will mostly be reassured by such a remarkable display of competence.

There is also one reason for supposing that Europe will be *less* likely to be helpful than in the past, which is that with the political downfall of Margaret Thatcher rapid progress is being made toward a federal Europe. The U.S. has long favored a united Europe, believing originally that it would provide a bulwark against Communism. It was also taken for granted that a Europe that spoke with one voice would be a simpler and more straightforward entity to deal with.

American enthusiasts for a united Europe do not seem to have taken seriously the possibility that a common voice would not necessarily be a sympathetic one. They may also have overlooked the fact that the creation of a European superstate would not by itself end national conflicts, and therefore from America's point of view a united Europe might turn out to be less than the sum of its parts. Certainly the evidence suggests that had Europe had a common foreign policy and common defense structures at the time of the Iraqi seizure of Kuwait, Britain would have been restrained from giving the support it did. It also seems unlikely that a British prime minister would have felt free to urge America on to war, as Mrs. Thatcher did last summer.

In some British circles, progress toward a federal Europe is seen to have faltered as a result of the discordant voices raised during the Gulf crisis. Elsewhere in Europe, however, recent experience is seen as a reason for redoubling the efforts toward greater integration.



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And the federalists appear to have won significant victories. They have obtained agreement in principle that European political cooperation must encompass a common security policy. Second, they have obtained agreement to upgrade the Western European Union (WEU), previously no more than a debating forum, to what might become a European caucus within NATO. Henceforth the WEU will accept guidelines from the EC. Many of those in favor of a tightly integrated Europe believe that in the future there will be a merger between the WEU and the EC. Indeed a current draft treaty presented by the EC presidency to the Intergovernmental Conference on European Union proposes exactly that. Only the Dutch, rightly fearful of the possible impact on relations with the U.S., have put up strong resistance. According to the British, once opposed to the whole idea of a common foreign and defense policy, the WEU will provide "a useful bridge" between NATO and the EC.

These developments seem to have caused profound misgivings to the U.S. ambassador to NATO, William Taft, who has perceived that they could result in the Europeans arriving at NATO council meetings with already agreed and fixed views that America might be powerless to influence. A stronger European pillar might have been created, but only at the expense of a weaker superstructure. Having quite suddenly lost its enthusiasm for the idea of further European integration, the U.S. government has circulated to European governments a paper stressing that any changes which might take place should not lead to an "internal bloc within NATO." The paper also stresses the importance of continued "globality of response" and urges that nothing be done to weaken the command structure.

Having fought an outstanding war, America is enjoying high prestige, and in other circumstances its word might be heeded. It is plain, however, that there are to be major reductions in the U.S. military presence, which five years ago stood at 320,000. It may now be reduced to 60,000. In such circumstances a U.S. supreme allied command will seem an anomaly, and U.S. leadership will be called into question.

If Not NATO, What?

MIGHTN'T the wisest course, therefore, be to conclude that NATO has outlived its usefulness and that in the future security must be based on alternative structures? Why not take more seriously the plan of the German foreign minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, to base European security on the 34-nation Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe, which in Genscher's wider, more fanciful scenarios would become answerable to the UN?

The obvious answer to the latter is that effective defense arrangements assume a commonality of interests, a substantial measure of trust, and a willingness to accept suitably qualified leadership. An all-embracing defense pact which included all of Europe, from the Atlantic to the Urals, might be expected to display not much more cohesion than an organization intended to preserve the peace on the streets of New York which included the FBI, the Mafia, the NYPD, and an association of independent bankrobbers, arsonists, and rapists. Confronted with the realities of power, even Eastern European idealists of social democratic persuasion such as Vaclav Havel no longer regard the CSCE as a suitable successor to the Warsaw Pact and NATO. In fact Havel regards the latter as an indispensable force for stability and "a guarantee of security and freedom."

A more plausible case can be made for basing European defense upon a predominantly European footing with European defense structures and even a multinational European corps. Whatever European structures are created will have to reflect the fact that the Soviet Union is going to remain the pre-eminent military

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power in Europe even as its empire rots and shrinks. If, however, Europe tires of American leadership, it will also have to do without American guarantees. As a result, the defense of Europe would become heavily dependent upon the British and French nuclear systems—designed as weapons of last resort in defense of national territories, and not credibly or easily used to provide a general European deterrent.

Moreover, a common security policy depends upon a prior agreement on foreign policy, without which there can be no guarantees about what interests are to be defended. No such agreement exists. Each EC member regards the EC as an institutional means by which national interests may be pursued. As a matter of logic it is not possible to fashion a policy which pleases everyone. Thus a common foreign policy, formulated in anything other than the most vague and meaningless terms, is likely to crack up quickly along the fault lines of its own contradictions.

If, however, against all the odds, Europe were to find the cohesion and political resources to overcome such problems, it would plainly not be in America's interests that it should do so. For the consequences would be the creation of a rival power bloc, the outline of which can already be glimpsed in economic terms.

It would seem that, by a process of elimination if for no other reason, NATO remains the only viable basis for transatlantic cooperation on several issues. There is an obvious need to make institutional and other changes to equip NATO to deal with out-of-area problems and the advent of new nuclear powers outside Europe. NATO will need some strategy to replace flexible response, into which it may be impossible to breathe new life; it may have to be equipped to deal with problems arising from huge shifts of populations as the Soviet Union continues to disintegrate. There will also have to be new burden-sharing arrangements which will relieve the U.S. of some of the economic cost, but not so dramatically as to call into question America's commitment to Europe or its right to lead.

There are large problems to cope with, but as history defies Francis Fukuyama's famous thesis and lurches into a kind of crazy overdrive, they pale into insignificance beside those which Europeans—and Americans—would have to tackle if they were to decide that NATO had had its day. □

DEFENDING EASTERN EUROPE

PETER W. RODMAN

IN MID MARCH, while Poland's Lech Walesa was winding up a successful state visit to the U.S., his Czechoslovakian counterpart, Vaclav Havel, was paying a visit to NATO headquarters near Brussels, asking the Western Allies to strengthen their security ties with the new Eastern European democracies.

Both events were milestones in what has been one of the most triumphant successes of Western policy in the postwar period—the liberation of Eastern Europe. But the juxtaposition also points to a strange feature of the Bush Administration's diplomacy: its long reticence on the subject of Eastern European security.

It is strange because the Administration was, for so long, far ahead of the curve on Eastern Europe. Two years ago, in a landmark speech in Hamtramck, Michigan, President Bush called attention to the promising trend in the region and declared a forceful U.S. policy of promoting what later unfolded in dramatic fashion. Ever since Hamtramck—including in important presidential visits to Warsaw, Budapest, and Prague—the Administration has regularly and eloquently made clear its commitment to democracy and prosperity in the region. Yet hardly ever did one find a similar explicit endorsement of the *security* or *national independence* of the newly liberated nations.

History records with painful redundancy how pivotal the security of Eastern Europe has been to the stability of the whole European system in this benighted century. Yet at a truly formative moment in the evolution of a new European order we have not articulated a theory of how the safety of these new democracies is to be assured. How will Soviet reintervention be deterred? Where do the Eastern Europeans really fit in the new European balance of power? What relationship do we see between their security and NATO's?

Building for the Future

IT WOULD be absurd to claim that their security is at this moment in danger, in view of the collapse of the Soviet position, militarily and politically, in Europe. But we are supposedly building for the long term, and it would be a mistake to evade such questions. The ominous uncertainties of the Soviet internal evolution speak for themselves (and figured prominently in Havel's plea to NATO in Brussels).

In fairness, the Administration can point to several factors for which it is wholly or partly responsible:

—First and foremost, the Eastern European democracies are primary beneficiaries of the overall balance of power in Europe that is assured by NATO's continued

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cohesion and the continued U.S. commitment to remain militarily and politically strong in Europe. This is true, and crucial. It is no accident that the new democracies in the East are strong advocates of an American military presence in Europe.

—The President's March 1990 Report on the National Security Strategy of the United States spoke (elliptically) of Eastern Europe's "self-determination and independence" and warned that "we expect the Soviet Union to continue to repudiate in deeds as well as words all right and pretext to intervene in the affairs of East European states." The President also offered expanded military-to-military contacts between the U.S. and the Eastern Europeans, as a way of "helping the military officers of these states establish a professional identity independent of their roles in the Warsaw Pact."

—The Declaration of the NATO Summit last July in London invited the Eastern Europeans to expand their diplomatic and military contacts with NATO. While the Soviets received the same offer, it was, in effect, another way to begin to wean the defense establishments of the Eastern European countries away from their Warsaw Pact connections and to assert, subtly, a collective Alliance interest in their defense endeavors.

—Soviet troop withdrawals from Eastern Europe are the subject of bilateral agreements with the relevant countries, and the Western powers have no particular standing to "enforce" them. However, the November 1990 multilateral treaty on Conventional Armed Forces in Europe (CFE) reinforces the Soviet retrenchment, first of all by the severe reductions imposed on Soviet military equipment in the region, especially battle tanks, other armored vehicles, and artillery. In addition, the CFE treaty's "sufficiency" rule imposes a ceiling on Soviet forces as a proportion of forces in the region, and its elaborate verification provisions make surprise attacks much more difficult.

—The Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe (CSCE), the 34-nation conclave that has promoted human rights and military "confidence-building measures," is now expanding its institutional role in such areas as mediation of disputes. The dangerous ethnic instabilities reappearing within and among Eastern European countries might conceivably be eased by such an international mechanism—which at the very least can pre-empt any future claim by Moscow to assert a tutelary role in the region's affairs.

—In the Charter of Paris, signed at a CSCE Summit last November, all 34 member states agreed that "security is indivisible and the security of every participating State is inseparably linked to that of all the others."

What if Something Goes Wrong?

THESE ARE important, but what is missing is a clear picture of what protects the Eastern Europeans if something should go wrong with the balance of power. What happens if, ten years from now, the Soviet Union (or whatever it calls itself by then) has recovered and looks like a superpower again? No one can seriously believe that CSCE pronouncements—or a defense relationship with the West limited to diplomatic liaison—will protect the Eastern Europeans. The three new democracies are banding together increasingly, and are developing various other regional links. But none of this is sufficient.

Even their legal status is unclear. If they chose to be neutral in a classical sense, a host of rights and duties would accrue to them that might give outside powers some standing to react to threats against them. But the new democracies shun the idea of neutrality. Morally, they want to be part of the West; their desire to join the EC is even stronger than their desire to join NATO. They have no interest in being a "buffer," a no-man's-land. It is no wonder that they are starting to ask where they fit into the security scheme of things.

Formal membership in the Atlantic Alliance is probably not in the cards. How many of the parliaments of the 16 Allies—including the U.S.—are prepared to extend a solemn defense commitment to these countries? But if not NATO membership, what is the answer?

The United States has been reticent on the subject partly because the question did not seem urgent, and partly because the U.S. has not wanted to rub the Soviets' noses in it. The strategic triumph of the Soviet collapse in 1989 may seem sufficient without ostentatiously pulling these new democracies into the Western military orbit. In the case of Poland, the schedule for Soviet troop withdrawal is not yet negotiated (which is why Poland has been less public than Hungary and Czechoslovakia about nuzzling up to NATO). The hardliners' resurgence inside the Soviet Union is an argument for not overreaching here.

Yet those very uncertainties within the Soviet Union argue powerfully for eliminating an ambiguity that could become dangerous sooner than we think. Mrs. Thatcher, speaking in Washington in early March, called for some formal special status in NATO, "short of full membership, but well beyond mere observer status," for the Eastern Europeans. But there is an easier step that would also contribute to security.

There is no reason why the Atlantic Alliance could not simply declare, in the communiqué of its next Summit or ministerial meeting, that the Soviet military withdrawal from Eastern Europe is the fundamental premise of much of what the Alliance has been doing in restructuring NATO, reducing its forces (in some aspects, beyond the CFE treaty), and modifying its military doctrines. The Alliance has a perfect right to declare that *its own* security would be directly affected by any reversal of that Soviet policy, and that it therefore views the security and independence of Eastern Europe as essential to the stability of all of Europe.

Such a declaratory policy would threaten no one. It would contribute enormously to the deterrence of future dangers and to the reassurance of our new friends. It is time for the United States and its allies to declare their stake, acknowledging the reality and reinforcing the peace. □

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THE PREQUEL

Where was George Bush on the night of October 16, 1980? If you think the answer is anything other than: On the campaign trail, you must be a Carter staffer, or PBS newsman.

RICHARD BROOKHISER

IN THE Roosevelt years, there was a conservative radio personality named H. V. Kaltenborn, who, in the wee hours of election nights, would urge his Republican listeners not to lose heart at the early signs of another unfolding debacle, because the rural vote had yet to come in. Liberals still reeling from the 1980 election have lately fastened on a more desperate hope: the Iranian vote.

The 1980 election, the story goes, was essentially stolen by Reagan campaign operatives who connived with Iran to delay the release of the American hostages until after election day. The hard Left has been peddling variants of the story for years. But now it has been taken up by former members of the Carter Administration, and by the major media (two groups which are not always distinguishable; see below). The *New York Times* ran an immense op-ed piece by Gary Sick, a staff member of the National Security Council from 1976 to 1981. Sick appeared on *Nightline* and in a segment of PBS's *Frontline* that was devoted to his tale. Jimmy Carter has since called for a "thorough investigation," and Tom Foley has said, "We need to explore the allegations."

In its current version, the story consists of three asymmetrical parts.

Houshang Lavi, an Iranian-born arms dealer, says he discussed Iranian affairs with three Reaganites—Richard V. Allen, later National Security Advisor; former Deputy Attorney General Laurence Silberman, now a judge on the United States Court of Appeals; and Senate staffer Robert McFarlane (and we all know what became of *him*)—at the L'Enfant Plaza Hotel in Washington early in October 1980. Lavi claimed on *Frontline* that Silberman told him "in so many words" that the Reagan campaign already had its own Iranian contacts.

The impresario of these contacts was William Casey, Reagan's campaign manager and later director of the CIA. Casey set the plot in motion when he approached another arms dealer, Jamshid Hashemi, at another Washington hotel, the Mayflower, in late February or early March 1980. In July, Hashemi and his brother Cyrus set up a meeting at the Ritz Hotel in Madrid between Casey and an Iranian cleric, Mehdi Karrubi, at which the two sides got down to brass tacks. Casey and Karrubi agreed that if the Iranians held onto the hostages until after the election, the Reagan Administration would see to it that Teheran was supplied with badly needed military spare parts. The details were hammered out at a final series of meetings, from October 15 through October 20, in the Hotel Raphael in Paris. (Note all these hotels; God, as Flaubert said, is in the details.) The hostages were released the day of Reagan's inauguration, and Israel began shipping arms to Iran in 1981. QED.

But the sexiest part of the story is the charge that one of the negotiators at the Paris meetings was none other than George Bush. Sick says he has "not made up [his] mind" about this little tidbit, although *Frontline* featured it prominently.

Sorting It Out

OF ALL these meetings, the one between Allen et al. and Lavi is the only one which resembles any meeting that a living, breathing Reaganite will admit to having attended. But the resemblance is slight.

Allen and Silberman both say that in September or October of 1980 they met, at McFarlane's insistence, with a man who claimed to be in touch with the Khomeini regime, and who wanted to talk about the hostages. But they say that arms were never mentioned; that the man was not named Lavi (Silberman is sure he would have remembered a Jewish-sounding name); that his offer was not to delay the release of the hostages, but to turn them over to the Reagan campaign as soon as possible, so as to embarrass Carter; and that they cut the meeting off by telling him, There is only one President at a time. Most important, Allen and Silberman told their story to the press four years ago—long before Lavi claimed to be part of it. "I am not surprised," Silberman wrote Sick after the *Frontline* broadcast, "that their story, dangled as it has been, attracts various Middle East 'contributors' and obvious nut cases."

There is no clear-cut rebuttal to the accounts of Casey's elaborate doings.

Mr. Brookhiser is an NR *senior editor and a columnist for the* New York Observer.

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That is partly because it's hard to know whom to rebut, since the accounts are mostly hearsay. *Frontline*, for instance, trotted out Iranian former President Bani Sadr to talk about the Hotel Raphael meetings, though his only proof that they had taken place was a letter from an unnamed friend of his who is still in Iran. Two of *Frontline*'s witnesses to the Madrid meeting were a jailed arms dealer who said he had heard of it from Iranian officials, and an Israeli intelligence officer who claimed to have seen intelligence reports about it. The only first-hand testimony to all three of Casey's meetings came from off-camera interviews with Jamshid Hashemi. Brother Cyrus is conveniently dead. So, of course, is Casey.

Frontline's star witness to Bush's involvement was an Oregon real-estate man named Richard Brenneke. Brenneke says Casey summoned him to Paris, where he was told to launder $35 to $40 million to facilitate the post-election arms shipments, and that he heard about Bush's presence there from the pilot who had flown the vice-presidential candidate over.

But this is not the first time Brenneke has popped up. In 1986, when the Iran–Contra story broke, he claimed that he had tried to approach Bush on behalf of Iran a year earlier. Brenneke submitted testimony to Congress, which was never published, evidently because Congress thought he was a flake. In 1988, he was back, with details of an Israeli–American drug and arms airlift to the Contras; he claimed to have flown a planeload of drugs into Amarillo, Texas, himself. That time, only ABC and *Newsweek* took an interest in him. Now, on his second try with an Iranian story, he has slipped down the great chain of being to PBS. *Frontline* laid special importance on the fact that Brenneke was acquitted in a 1990 perjury trial involving his accusations. The prosecution must have coasted, thinking it had an easy case. The *AIM Report* knows all about Brenneke's past; why doesn't public television?

The White House's position on Bush's alleged activities, delivered by Marlin Fitzwater, is that "there's no need to investigate something that never happened."

The underlying weakness of these fabrications is that they are not necessary to explain what happened. Behzad Nabavi, the Iranian diplomat who negotiated the hostage release, has said that the release was delayed because of White House fears that Iran's conditions would become a campaign issue. Israel had its own reason—fear of Iraq—for slipping arms to Iran.

The inspiration for the story is displacement, working backward from the Iran–Contra scandal. What a second-term Administration attempted, a presidential campaign could also have done. This theory shows gross ignorance of political campaigns. When Casey is supposed to have begun sounding out the Hashemis, he had just come on as Reagan's campaign manager in a palace coup that toppled John Sears. Casey's number-one assignment was to stop the campaign's hemorrhaging of money. John Anderson was having his boomlet. The notion that a campaign manager would take time out to dicker with Iranian arms dealers is fantastic.

On Bush's Trail

BUT NOT as fantastic as the idea of an overseas vice-presidential campaign swing two weeks before Election Day. "I was with George Bush," says Vic Gold. "I was his speechwriter. The very idea that George Bush could have been in Paris is [unprintable]." Press accounts of Bush's travels from October 15 through October 20 show him doing just what any sane person would expect: campaigning in Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey, Maine, Connecticut. Doesn't anyone at *Frontline* have access to Nexis?

Another impetus for the story may be projection on the part of Carterites. For the Carter Administration was certainly trying (and failing) to end the hostage crisis by all possible means. Why not the Reagan campaign? The latest round of accusers looks like a Carter Old Home Week. There is Sick. Sick's *Times* piece was seconded on the op-ed page by columnist Leslie Gelb, who was in the State Department from 1977 to 1979. When Sick appeared on *Nightline*, Hodding Carter, State's spokesman from 1977 to 1980, acted as flack. And there is the former President himself. Much better for all these gentlemen to think that the reason they carried six states in 1980 was skulduggery, not stagflation, Soviet bumptiousness, or American wimp-wristedness.

The final reason behind the eternal life of these nut/left spook stories is, of course, the desire to undercut Reaganismo. Kitty Kelley says that once the Reagans got to the White House, they lunched with Sinatra. Gary Sick says they didn't get there legitimately in the first place. The next step will be to say they never got there at all.

Tell you what: We'll give Carter to Gary Sick, if they'll give Herbert Hoover to H. V. Kaltenborn. □

THE NEW INDIAN WARS

BURY MY BONES AT WOUNDED KNEE

CLEMENT W. MEIGHAN

BACK AROUND the turn of the century, when the spectacular ancient cliff-dwellings of the American Southwest were coming to public attention, concerns were voiced that all these places would be plundered and looted for marketable relics. These concerns led Congress to pass an antiquities act in 1906, decreeing that archaeological remains were part of the national heritage and the property of all citizens, and requiring permits from the secretary of the interior to conduct excavations in ancient sites on federal land. After World War II the laws were extended to include state and private lands

Mr. Meighan is a professor of anthropology at UCLA.

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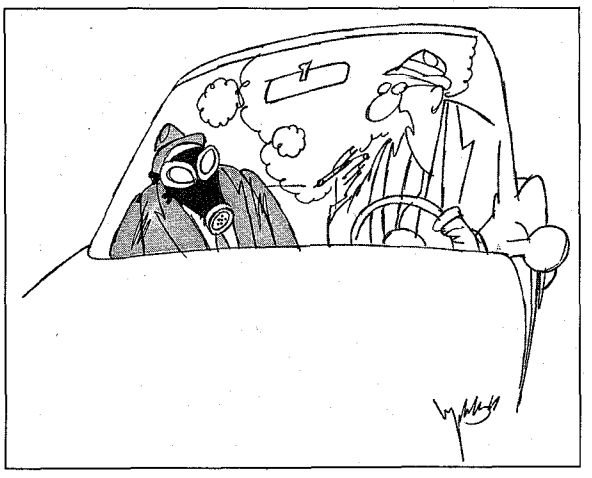
as well, primarily mandating that when a location was scheduled for destruction, there should be some investigation of what was to be destroyed before the bulldozers got there. All this legislation had as its basic premise the idea of public ownership of public resources, as well as a recognition that the history of the United States included the history of the people who had inhabited our territory for thousands of years prior to 1776.

In the 1960s, a new view of ancient history was put forward by activists and Indian politicians, who decreed that Indian history was owned not by the nation, but by various Indian groups. Of particular concern were the skeletons of ancient inhabitants, which had been dug up and kept in museums. Sit-ins were held around the country, objecting to any of these bones being displayed to the public. Most museums conceded that visitors should not be allowed to look at bones if it was offensive to Indians, and took all such exhibits out of circulation (a big disappointment to children, who go straight to the Egyptian mummies and other remains of dead people and find these the most interesting of all museum exhibits).



"I take it you don't mind if I smoke."

Friend or Foe?

ARCHAEOLOGISTS and museum personnel are in general very supportive of Indians. Many of these scholars devote their lives to the study and publication of Indian history. They have always been willing to testify for the Indians in land-claims cases and think of themselves as friends of the Indians. It took them quite a while to recognize that in the eyes of some Indians they were not friends but merely another faction of the hated exploiters.

The original concession by museums quickly proved to be a big mistake. In accepting the notion that any self-proclaimed Indian could speak for all Indians everywhere, and for all time periods back to the date the first person entered the New World thousands of years ago, the museums opened the door to escalating claims, and these were not long in coming.

The next step was to demand the return of all bones in museums so that they could be reburied. Many museums, including the Smithsonian Institution, voluntarily returned the bones of Indians who could conceivably bear some relationship, however distant, to the claimants. Soon, activists who claimed 1/128 ancestry from tribes on the Eastern Seaboard were making demands for eight-thousand-year-old skeletons in California. Had the ancestors of these people somehow made it to California in ancient times, they would have been treated as enemies and killed by the residents, the slogan, "All Indians are brothers," not yet having been put forward. Even so, such claims were taken seriously by many people, and were seen by a fair number of politicians as an issue made in heaven.

Of course, no political action is cost-free, and tax dollars soon got committed to the effort in many ways. The state of California, as part of its legacy from Governor Jerry Brown, decided that it was a moral imperative to rebury some eight hundred skeletons and ten thousand artifacts (beads, ornaments, etc., which were claimed as sacred objects accompanying the sacred bones) from collections housed in the State Indian Museum in Sacramento. Ignoring its charter to preserve collections (the main reason that museums exist), the state acted as rapidly as possible to rebury the collections, starting with one lot in Patricks Point State Park in northwestern California, and another in Cuyamaca Rancho State Park in San Diego County. At this point a class-action suit by the American Committee for Preservation of Archaeological Collections got an injunction preventing further loss of publicly owned collections.

The reburial in Cuyamaca Rancho State Park, involving materials maintained in a small museum at the park, became a comedy. The collection included cremated bones in pottery vessels, as well as many artifacts, collected in the 1930s by George Carter, a famous specialist in early-man studies. Disposition of the collection was carried out by bulldozing a hole, dumping into it the bags, boxes, and their specimens, and filling in the hole. The present-day Indian descendants who were in attendance promptly sued the state, claiming that the ceremony had not been properly conducted according to Indian ritual, and got a court order requiring the state to dig up the relics and do it all over again.

The next step for California's Native American Heritage Commission (created by Jerry Brown as a state-supported lobby) was to prevent future archaeology from going forward except under the paid supervision of Indian "monitors." Legislation was passed requiring notification of the local coroner in the event that any fragment of human bone was encountered, regardless of the context of the find. Coroners, of course, consider archaeological remains to be a distraction from their job. However, the new code requires the coroner to notify the Native American Heritage Commission in Sacramento, which body will then decide (on no scientific basis whatever) who the "most likely descendants" may be, and those politically designated Indians will have authority to decide what is to be done with the archaeological finds. The legislation has been extended to include not just human bones, but all objects found anywhere nearby, and in some cases to all objects found in the ancient site, on the grounds that everything in such a context is sacred.

Conflict of Special Interests

THIS SET of laws proved to be neither intelligent nor functional, and it soon came into conflict with another set of regulations requiring environmental-impact reports on ancient sites scheduled for destruction in the building of reservoirs, freeways, or subdivisions. Such projects are generally done under serious

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time constraints—the project supervisor wants the archaeologist to get in, do his work, and get out as fast as possible. But if the archaeologist encounters a small fragment of human bone in a gopher mound, all work stops until the coroner and the politicians in Sacramento decide what is to be done. The coroner does not respond immediately, if at all. In one case, a deputy assistant coroner responded to an archaeologist's telephone call with "We don't want that s---, honey!" If the word does get to Sacramento, the Native American Heritage Commission also does not always respond immediately and sometimes does not respond at all. Meanwhile, thousands of dollars a day may be lost in construction delays, whatever research is needed cannot be conducted, and the intent of cultural-resource laws—to identify and study significant ancient remains—is completely thwarted. This puts the archaeologist between a rock and a hard place: if he fulfills his professional obligation to report and preserve his evidence, he is subject to prosecution; if he conceals his evidence, he is violating his code of ethics as a scholar and faces serious sanctions from his professional organizations.

Archaeology as Felony

THIS CONFLICT was brought home to David Van Horn, a PhD contract archaeologist who was sued by the attorney general of California for collecting two broken grinding stones, found in a cairn of rocks piled over a grave. The bones were duly reported and deposited in a museum, but the local Indians claimed that the broken grinding stones were mortuary offerings and therefore had to be given up for reburial. Van Horn, as the archaeologist who was on the spot and knew the context, claimed that the grinding stones were merely among the miscellaneous rocks piled over the grave, and that they were neither ritual objects nor mortuary offerings. This case of the "sacred *metates*" dragged through the courts, with the taxpayers paying the state prosecutors and the archaeologist defending himself at his own expense. Eventually the state won the case. The sacred *metates*, deposited for safekeeping in a museum, have now been there for over a year past the end of the court proceedings, without any Indian expressing any interest in reclaiming them for appropriate funeral ceremonies.

Having identified himself as a troublemaker, Van Horn was targeted for further persecution by the state attorney general's office, which filed a felony suit against him for a subsequent project. His crime: during a contract study bits of burned bone were found near Indio; these were sent to a laboratory for identification and some were identified as parts of a human cremation, at which point Van Horn sent all the materials to the property owner and notified him of his obligations to the Native American Heritage Commission. The Riverside County prosecutor argued that archaeologists had no legal right to remove or study any human remains, and that the archaeologist and his employee were therefore guilty of a felony, even though their study was compelled by another set of laws and their contract was to comply with those laws. After a three-day hearing, Presiding Judge B. J. Bjork ruled that there was no evidence of a felony, and the case was thrown out. However, the archaeologists are out the thousands of dollars they spent to defend themselves (once again the Indian interests were entirely supported by the taxpayers).

California is as usual in the forefront on this issue, but several other states have legislation governing Indian claims for museum materials, and President Bush recently signed a federal bill dealing with this matter. It may be that the federal legislation will reach a middle ground addressing the legitimate concerns of all factions. However, the basic question remains whether evidences of ancient history are to be preserved in the public interest, or whether they are private property—or exclusively the property of special-interest groups. □

SCHOOL DAYS

ACCOUNTING FOR RESULTS

CHESTER E. FINN JR.

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—U.S. Education Secretary, William J. Bennett, 1987

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In sports we also acknowledge the link between effort and results. Though luck intrudes now and again, players and coaches seldom attribute the final score to forces beyond their

Mr. Finn is professor of education and public policy at Vanderbilt University and director of the Educational Excellence Network. This piece is excerpted from his forthcoming We Must Take Charge: Our Schools and Our Future, *to be published on May 20 by The Free Press, a division of Macmillan, Inc.* *Copyright © 1991 by Chester E. Finn Jr. Reprinted by permission of the publishers.*

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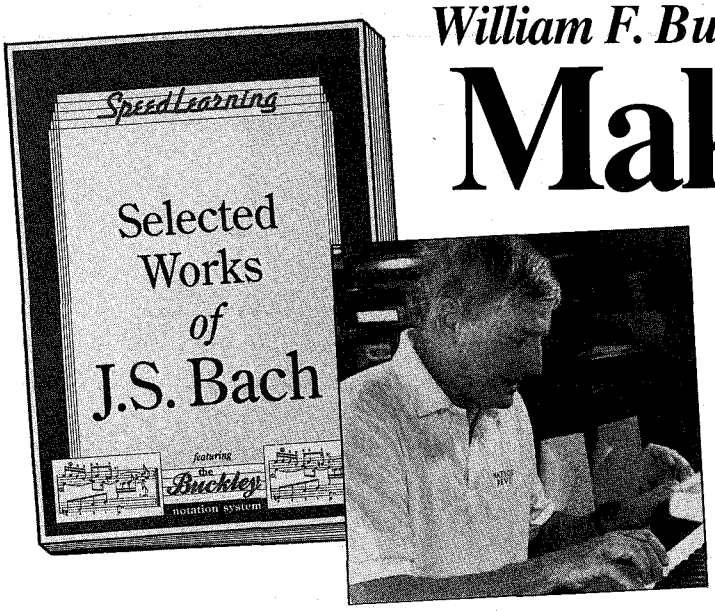

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control. Nor do we expect the score to go unnoticed. We know it matters. We believe it *should* matter. Only in classrooms do adults downplay results. Only in colleges of education are we told to de-emphasize them. In the "real world," as on the athletic field, everyone understands that predictable consequences follow from success and also from failure.

Becoming Accountable

AMERICAN education is slowly evolving into a similar sort of outcomes-oriented enterprise, whose institutions, employees, and policy-makers will be held responsible for their results by the public they serve. That is the only kind of accountability worth having, certainly the only kind that bears any relationship to the premier education problem we seek to solve—the weak academic achievement of our children. In twenty years or so, I expect that the education system will have taken this to heart.

But what a misery we are enduring in the meantime! It is no easier in public education than in any other government activity to replace the bureaucratic paradigm with a passion for excellence. We've been unwilling to trust the marketplace to do this for us. And we haven't often summoned the courage either to "throw the rascals out" or to provide large incentives for superior performance.

For a very long time, schools and their employees have been judged in terms of efforts, intentions, resources, and service delivery. They were accountable, to be sure, but for compliance with rules, orderly procedures, and resource allocations. Their customers thought of them that way. Their own staffs and governing boards believed these were proper criteria by which to gauge their work. Besides, education is one of those public services with multiple outcomes. Who is to proclaim any of them supreme?

The result is a system unaccustomed to organizing itself around the efficacy of its efforts or the quality of its results. Worse, our efforts to reconstruct it along different lines are occurring at the least propitious time imaginable: namely, a time when our "no-fault" culture is insulating people from a sense of responsibility for the consequences of their own actions by encouraging them to believe they are the innocent prey of broad social trends and ineluctable forces.

My twenty-year forecast may therefore be too rosy. If an accountability system resembles a tripod—whose three legs are clearly stated goals, prompt and accurate information about progress toward them, and positive and negative consequences that follow from the information—it must be said that, in American public education today, none of the three legs is sturdy. Achievement goals are vague, inconstant, and suspect. Reliable information feedback is extremely hard to obtain, and the profession resists most ideas for augmenting its flow. As for consequences, from the student's perspective, academic achievement is not a prerequisite for much. Few tangible rewards come to those who study hard and learn a lot, and little suffering or ignominy befalls those who slide by with minimum effort.

"Your aptitude test shows you shouldn't take any more aptitude tests."

Even deadlier for the quality of American education, the schools are not accountable for their institutional results, nor do those who lead and teach in them face large consequences for success or failure. "Teaching," Education Secretary Lamar Alexander has noted, "is the only profession in which you are not paid one extra cent for being good at your job."

These days, to be sure, an outstanding public school may get "recognized" by the Department of Education or win a grant from Coca-Cola or RJR Nabisco or the Joyce Foundation. A great classroom instructor may be designated "teacher of the year," honored by the National Science Foundation, or feted by Burger King. A dizzying array of recognition programs has sprung up in the past decade. Though these are welcome additions to an enterprise that paid scant attention to success over the years, they hover on the outside of that enterprise and are not part of its routine management or its internal reward system. Most of them employ as their criterion a generalized notion of "excellence," retrospectively applied, rather than concrete targets toward which one could aim. There are not enough of these programs for one hundred thousand schools, in any case, nor are they big enough to influence the actions of most American educators.

If such honors and rewards are not understood in advance, they cannot serve as strong inducements to alter one's behavior toward particular goals. They are more like lucking out in a game of chance than winning the blue ribbon for the best fig chutney at the state fair. Receiving one is akin to winning the lottery or a MacArthur "genius award." It's a marvelous windfall when it happens, but there's practically nothing you can do ahead of time to improve the odds that it will happen to you. When tangible rewards are not winnable through the successful attainment of pre-determined goals, they will not make a great difference in people's actual performance. By my lights, therefore, they do not qualify as an accountability system for American education.

If we have not made satisfactory provision for fostering success through incentives and rewards, we're light years further behind when it comes to predictable interventions in cases of failure. Negative consequences are few and far between. If a teacher commits a felony or is chronically drunk, he may be disciplined or dismissed. But when did you last hear of a teacher being fired, fined, or even reprimanded because her students did not learn enough geology or German?

In a few jurisdictions, a chronically bad school or local system may be "in-

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tervened in" by higher authority. New Jersey's management takeover of the Jersey City system is the most famous instance of this rare occurrence. South Carolina has engaged in less drastic (but more frequent) interventions, Indiana runs a performance-based accreditation system, and Kentucky has built a version of this idea into its statewide reform scheme. As the 1990–91 school year opened, the Massachusetts commissioner of education threatened to take over the Boston schools. Yet despite these and similar moves (or threats) in other places, we have no generally accepted doctrine of educational malpractice in the United States. We have constructed innumerable job-security protections for school employees, but we have not made systematic arrangements for safeguarding students and taxpayers from pedagogical nonfeasance. For several years, the Federal Government has reported hospital-by-hospital death rates, and in 1990 the Department of Health and Human Services launched a national directory of incompetent physicians. Yet "a poor surgeon," as Ernest Boyer has remarked, "hurts one person at a time. A poor teacher hurts 130."

Unsafe at Any Speed

WHEN Joseph Hazelwood ran the Exxon *Valdez* onto the reef in Prince William Sound, loosing an immense oil spill, he lost his job and, after a trial, was sentenced to one thousand hours of community service and fined $50,000. When schools are operated in an unsafe manner, however, we do far less. Grinding onto an educational reef and spilling children's futures into the sea doesn't lead to much trouble for those in charge of the errant craft. In some systems the principal may be transferred to another building or demoted back to classroom teaching (in which role he or she almost surely possesses tenure protected by state law). But this cannot be taken for granted. Until new Education Chancellor Joseph Fernandez prevailed in the state legislature, for example, New York City's school principals had long enjoyed "building tenure." Try to imagine a law giving pilots "airplane tenure" or doctors "operating-room tenure."

A somewhat different situation obtains in private education. Though school goals may still be vague and information feedback sketchy, education's non-government sector functions amid palpable consequences. By whatever criteria parents and students appraise the performance of a private school, if they judge it to be educationally unwholesome they can take their business elsewhere. The marketplace thus creates demand-side consequences for private schools (and their employees) as tangible as those for restaurants, florists, automobile manufacturers, and magazine publishers. Those institutions that satisfy their customers flourish and—if they wish—grow. Those that deliver

(Continues on page 61)

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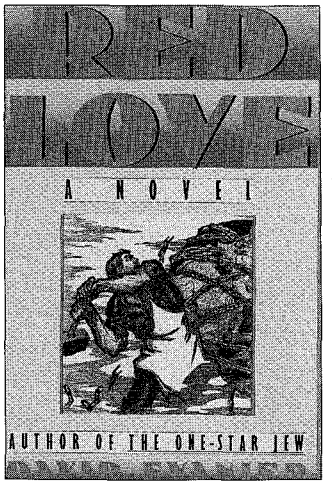

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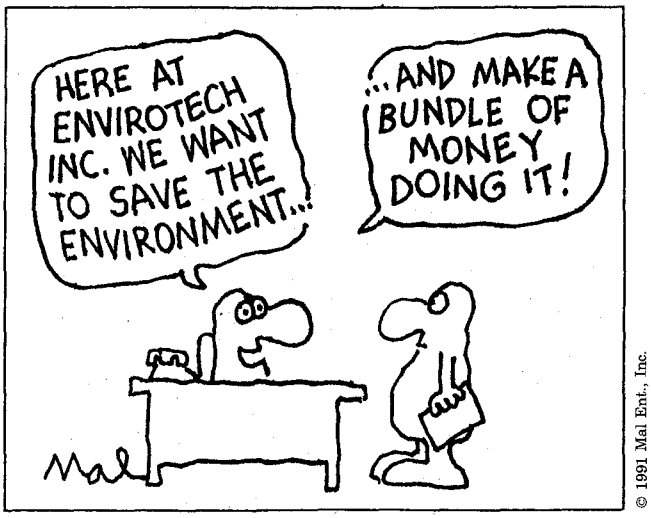

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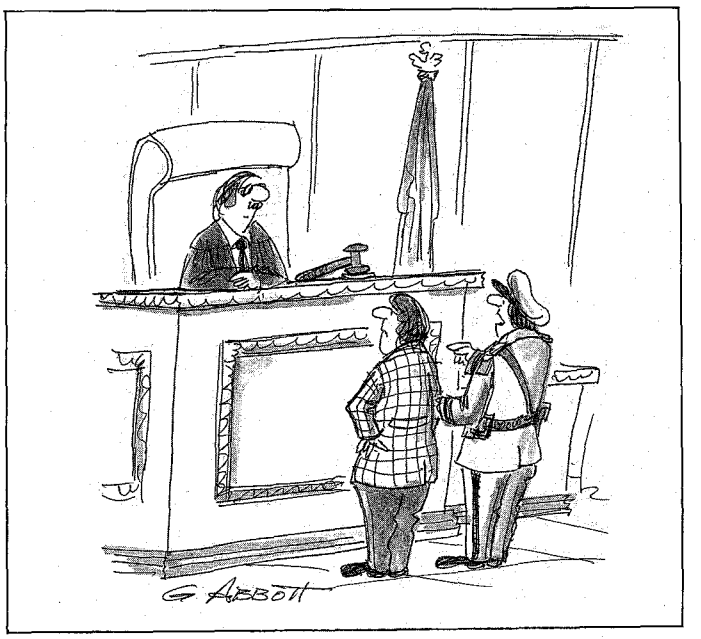
Let the Recovery Proceed

In New York City, where the slump
Has spiraled down from Donald Trump
To yuppies with a river view,
Who split last year when Drexel blew,
We're pleased the President believes
We'll bottom out before the leaves
Begin to turn, because by fall
We'd have to mortgage City Hall.

W. H. VON DREELE



"He won't tell us where the loot is buried until they lower the capital-gains tax."

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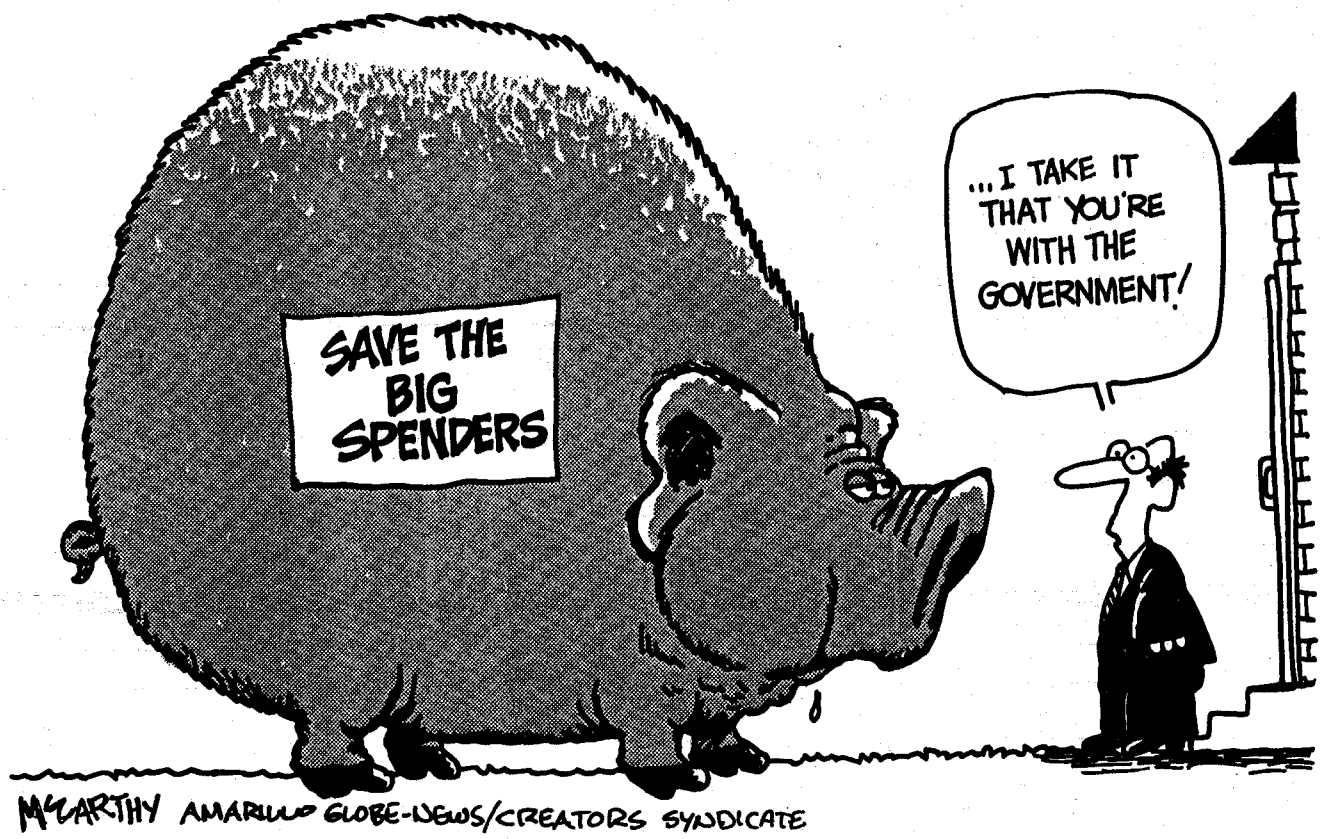

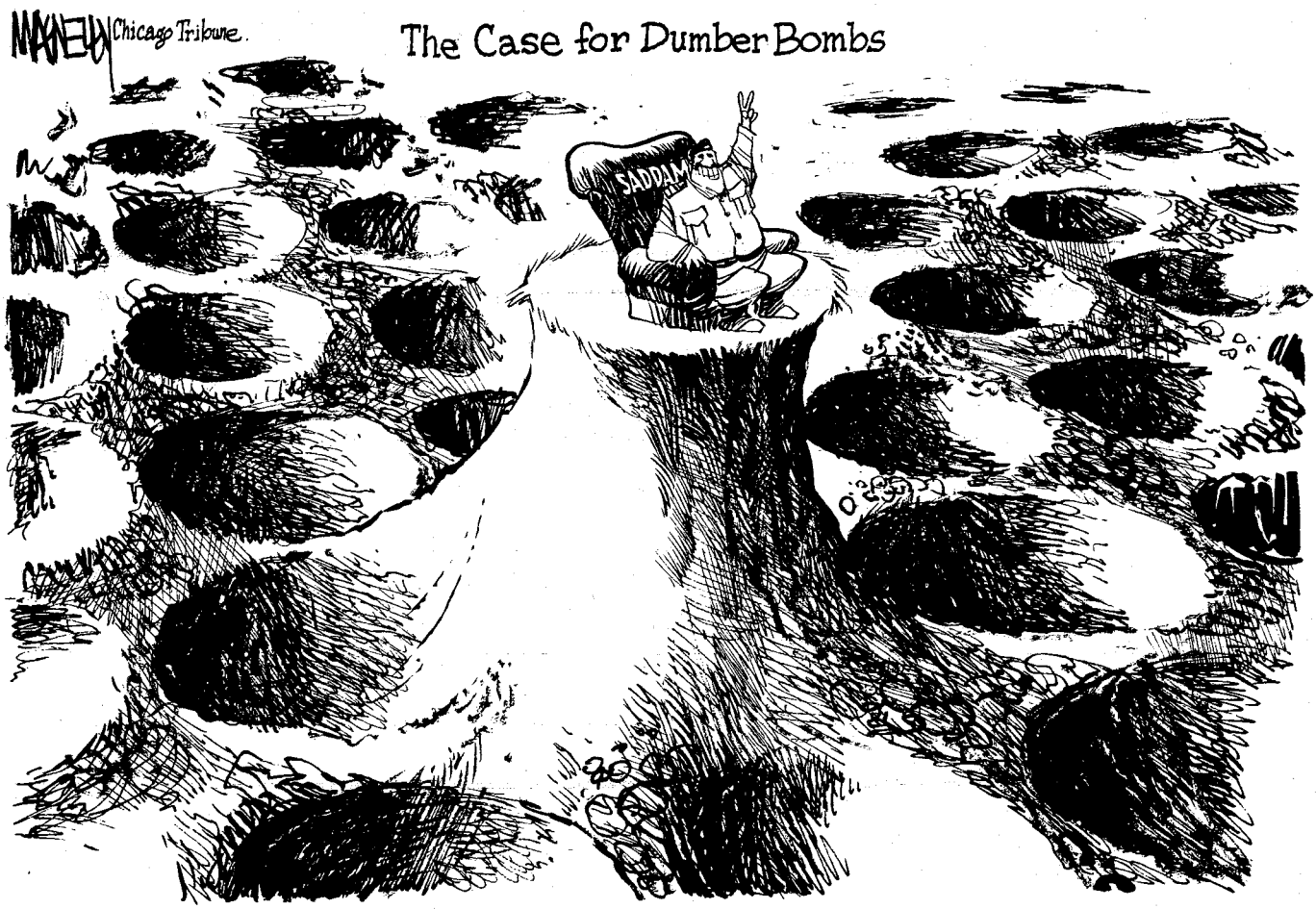

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A Cartoon History of the Eighties

JAMES BOWMAN

IF KITTY KELLEY's book on Nancy Reagan is the sleaziest of recent exercises in Reagan revisionism, *Sleepwalking through History* is perhaps the most typical. Miss Kelley writes, however odiously, for the gossip in all of us; Haynes Johnson writes only for people who think in clichés, and especially that complete set of them that every liberal seems to possess on the subject of Mrs. Reagan's husband. The book is also a warning—what its author's slipshod prose describes as a "cautionary warning"—about what can happen when daily journalists attempt to transform themselves into historians.

On a daily newspaper, the conviction that civilization as we know it is on the verge of extinction is a useful habit of mind. Like the cliff-hanger ending in the old Saturday-morning movie serials, it keeps your audience, forgetful that the impending catastrophe never seems to arrive, coming back for more. Books of history, however, tend to have a beginning, a middle, and an end, and readers of this history of the Eighties will be puzzled that the doom predicted in the beginning and middle is in the end deferred to another decade.

Sleepwalking through History: America in the Reagan Years, by Haynes Johnson (Norton, 526 pp., $24.95)

Hence the title. Johnson is forever telling his readers that they don't know *even now* what hair's-breadth scapes they have had from what horripilant dangers and disasters—or what even greater disasters may yet result from the errors and the evils of Reaganism. That American voters could have been wide awake and in full possession of their senses and twice have elected Ronald Reagan by landslides is a thought unthinkable to him. It therefore follows that they have only managed to negotiate the decade in question as the sleepwalker in the old Saturday-morning cartoons (was it Olive Oyl?) did the skyscraper girder-work: by blissful ignorance of how close to the edge they were. It is Haynes Johnson's mission in life to wake them up.

Such firecrackers as he is able to set off in this feeble volume are unlikely to do the job. How, for example, can anyone go on believing that the 1987 stock-market crash was a disaster for the economy and evidence of all that was wrong with Reaganism? How is it discreditable to Ronald Reagan that his response to the crash was to assert, in words that remind Johnson of Herbert Hoover, that "the underlying economy remains sound"? Have not subsequent events proved his assessment perfectly correct? Why should we be "outraged" at the sudden loss of half a trillion dollars of national "wealth" (like most of his persuasion, Johnson confuses money and wealth) when, in a matter of months, we had it all back again and more?

A real fizzler, you think? You reckon without the Saturday-morning fabulist's ingenuity. "How close the New York Stock Exchange, and with it the world's financial system, came to extinction then," he tells us, "was never appreciated by the general public." But Haynes Johnson, the gimlet-eyed intelligencer whose task it is to watch out for that public, *did* appreciate its peril and cites the opinion of "a number of experts," none of whose names he can remember, who believe that the market's recovery "was the product of deliberate manipulation by a few major firms in a desperate attempt to save the markets by inducing a rise in the Dow." Even if the more common explanation for the rebound, the Fed's easing of credit, be credited, he says, it amounted to a surrender of Reaganism to Haynesian economics: it was "the very hand of the Federal Government that Reagan and the supply-siders had railed against."

I wonder what the "extinction" of the world's financial markets would have entailed exactly. Would they have closed their doors forever like so many failed dry-goods stores or ice-cream shops? Once they were no longer worth trading, would shares in the equity of GM or IBM have been handed out as souvenirs to people taking the factory tour? Johnson does not attempt to imagine his unimaginable future, nor does he explain why, if "major firms" have the powers of manipulation his unnamed experts attribute to them, they do not use them all the time to "induce" rises in the Dow; why, indeed, should the average ever decline? And if the Federal Reserve counts as the "hand of the Federal Government" which consistency demanded that Reagan oppose, was he also a hypocrite for accepting Secret Service protection? Does Johnson acknowledge any middle way between Haynesianism and no government?

The melodramatic muse is untroubled by such questions. Like the Fat Boy in *The Pickwick Papers*, Haynes Johnson whispers: "I wants to make your flesh creep." Complex economic issues are thus reduced to cartoon-drama hyperbole in a way that both distorts them and misrepresents basic facts. So, for instance, Johnson tells us at one point that "by 1989, the budget deficit represented a debt of about $45,000 for every family in America." Either he is assuming forty-member "families" here or he is off by a factor of ten. Could it be that Johnson has confused the budget deficit with the national debt?

Likewise, he repeats again and again that litany of the Left about how, in the Eighties, America went from being the world's largest creditor to being the world's largest debtor. True in terms of absolute numbers, not true in terms of ratio of debt to income. Johnson's object is to make us look like Brazil or Poland: so hopelessly in debt that we might as well board up the shop and abscond with our liquid assets to . . . Brazil? He is

Mr. Bowman is a freelance writer living in Washington, D.C.

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uninterested in the fact that the entire debt still amounts to only half of our national income for one year or that, during the period 1980–87 when our national wealth increased by 70 per cent, or $7 trillion, our total new borrowing amounted to 10 per cent of the *increase*. It would be like a family whose income increased by $70,000 over seven years taking out a loan for $7,000. The risk either to ourselves or to the bank is not quite of the Brazilian order.

It's all in how you tell the story. Johnson engineers significant juxtapositions to suggest a horror that never, in fact, comes to pass. George Gilder, for instance, was to mark "the fifth anniversary of the nation's economic expansion" in a luncheon address to the Manhattan Institute, Johnson tells us, *at the very moment* the crash was happening—well, a little bit after, actually. But the *invitations*, we learn from his portentous, one-sentence paragraph, were postmarked on October 19, 1987. Kinda sends a shiver up your spine, doesn't it? The dramatist plays the panic for all it is worth: "In New York it was immediately apparent that this was no mere, if major, 'correction' on Wall Street."

Well, yes. But what was apparent on October 19, 1987, turns out to have been wrong more than three years later. By choosing the point in time at which you write "To Be Continued" you obtain a considerable latitude in pointing your moral. In the same way, writing after the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait but before the war, Johnson doesn't hesitate to conclude with confidence that the lesson to be learned from the episode was that Ronald Reagan had let us down *again* by providing us with "no coherent Middle East policy" (an oxymoron?) and "no comprehensive national energy policy." Nor, he adds, "had the great U.S. military buildup of the Eighties prepared the nation to deal with this latest Mideast crisis."

It would be a mistake to think that subsequent events have embarrassed Johnson, any more than the recovery in the stock market did. For him and for his cartoon audience the first axiom of the study of history is that Ronald Reagan was the bad guy. Hatred is the engine which drives his narrative through so much familiar terrain—to arrive at what purport to be shocking discoveries.

About supply-side economics, for example, Johnson affects outrage at having uncovered, with the help of David Stockman, the shocking "reality" beneath the seductive theory—namely that it was "nothing more than the old selfishness" of "trickle down" economics. Thus, the whole of the Reagan Administration's supply-side philosophy can be reduced to a "cynical strategy of public deception." Here, as so often, he discovers a rhetorical difference and thinks he has discovered a substantial one. He is incapable of grasping that it is not the laws of economics which change but only our rhetorical strategies for coming to terms with them.

Because, that is, the "trickle down" metaphor is an old one, and one which he associates with hard economic

Gary Bernard

times, he assumes that it is like a scientific theory that has been (somehow) disproved. In fact, it is only old-fashioned rhetoric, like the Horatio Alger stories that he ridicules George Gilder for echoing, and, like all rhetoric, a more or less ill-fitting template on that elusive "reality" with which Johnson assumes such an easy familiarity. To him, old-fashioned rhetoric is ipso facto discredited and false—so that, to take another example, a sneer at American policy in Central America as "a new version of the old domino theory" is all that is required to sustain his assumption of its utter bankruptcy.

That Johnson is so much a prisoner of the conventions of liberal rhetoric makes particularly piquant one of the main thrusts of his attack on Reagan. There is scarcely a liberal cliché about the ex-actor that is not repeated here. His public persona was the product of Hollywood typecasting and he was "a perfect representative of California as it had evolved by the 1980s and especially of Hollywood, America's world of make-believe." For "Like the media itself, with its quick and fleeting images and its emphasis on simplicities, Reagan personified a short-term approach."

Above all, Johnson tells us, the man was a purveyor of "myths" and principally the myth of an earlier, happier America to which he promised a return. This "nostalgia for a national past supposedly simpler and more pleasant" was the foundation of a facile and unjustified optimism. "Never mind hard realities and challenges of a far more competitive world," says our helpful guide to reality. In the 1980s Americans "were in a mood for the resurrection of old myths," and Reagan's America was "a land evoked by fables and mythology, by symbols and patriotic dreams."

Yet, because he intends to show that Reagan personified, if he did not actually cause, all the selfishness, greed, and corruption of the Eighties, Johnson himself is forced to assume that, before Reagan, the world was quite a different sort of place. In the Reagan decade "people no longer felt as bound to their companies or law firms; they didn't even feel as much allegiance toward their professional sports teams."

Really? Did we really discover for the first time in the Eighties "a new individualism that elevated personal success above institutional success"? "Making it personally had become an end unto itself," says Johnson, which is as much as to say that before the Reagan years, "making it personally" was subordinate not only to ethics but to loyalty—toward companies, law firms, and even professional sports teams. This from the man who accuses Reagan of naïve belief in a past that was "simpler and more pleasant"!

In the same way, the charge of oversimplification of complex issues comes very oddly from our cartoon historian. About George Bush's commercial on Boston Harbor, for example, Johnson says (quoting Charles Haar) that the extent to which Dukakis "was able to marshal the diverse interests . . . to shape an effective policy" (how effective could it have been if the harbor was still polluted?) was the "reality";

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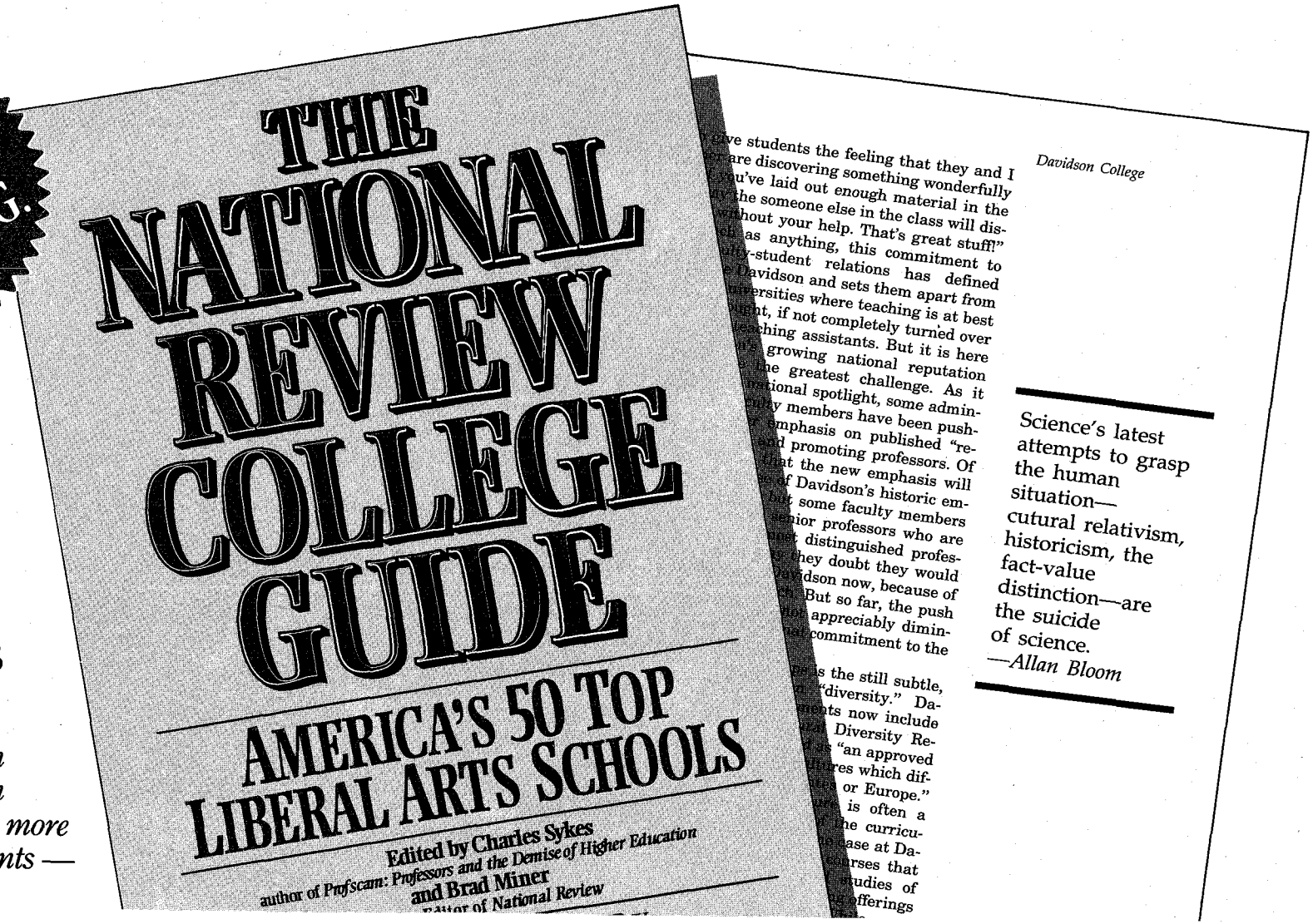
THE NATIONAL REVIEW COLLEGE GUIDE
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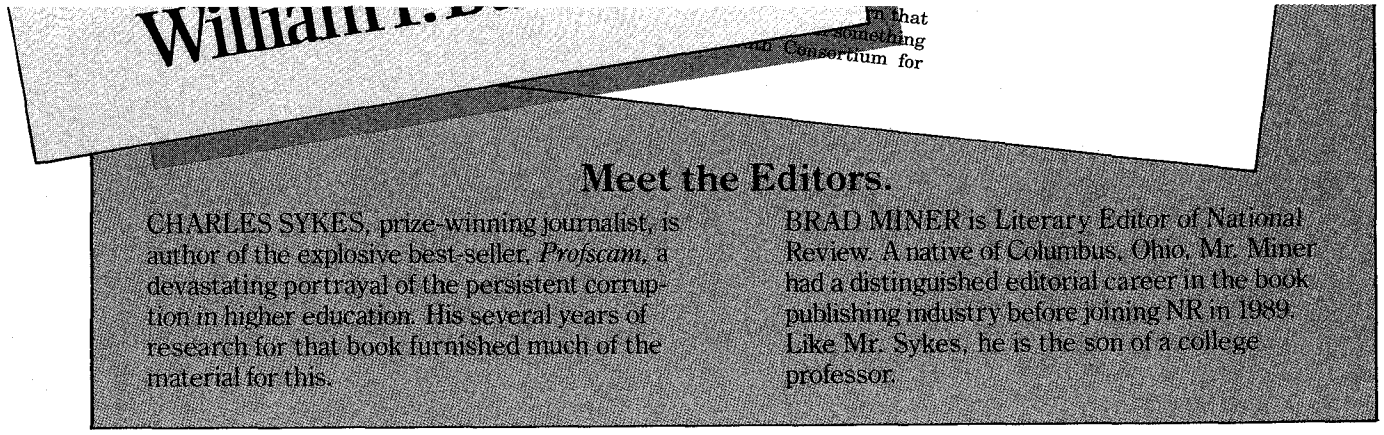
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BRAD MINER is Literary Editor of National Review. A native of Columbus, Ohio, Mr. Miner had a distinguished editorial career in the book publishing industry before joining NR in 1989. Like Mr. Sykes, he is the son of a college professor.

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on television "false symbols mattered more than complex, if accurate, substance." But Johnson's own false symbols include a lot of Kevin Phillips–type stuff about how the lot of the worker got worse and worse under Reagan. In fact, there are a number of measures of what happened to workers' hourly compensation during the Eighties, according to most of which they were better off than they had been before Reagan. But "complex substance" about the trade-off between cash and non-cash compensation and the changing demography of the work force does not interest our Haynesian economist in this case.

Nor in many other cases either. The usual liberal pundits' pool has furnished quotes for the publisher's advertising because Johnson shares all their prejudices and feeds them back to them in snappy journalese. In fact, he is, in his own little way, something of a great communicator. Faced with the task of looking critically at the Eighties (and there are enough critical things to be said about them), he for the most part relies upon the sorts of things that his readers have been saying about their central figure, Ronald Reagan, ever since he first ran for governor. In short, as Johnson says about Reagan himself, he "gave them what they wanted to hear." For his audience, like that at the Saturday matinee, never seems to tire of seeing its favorite villain foiled. □

Made for Each Other

BRAD MINER

Fred Carlson

HISTORIANS of contemporary events, especially biographers of the living, must struggle with the problem of seduction. Edmund Morris, who will soon publish his history of the Reagan years, recently lamented that the former President is "the most mysterious man I have ever confronted," a statement that cannot but discomfort Random House, which bought the forthcoming book for more than $3 million, a price paid surely on the assumption that Mr. Reagan would be pin-stuck like a prize swallowtail. Speaking of the former President's charm, Mr. Morris said naïvely: "I was seduced." He now claims to have recovered a more proper journalistic disillusion; no doubt the sort that masquerades as fairness. This supports the usual assumption that historical perspective improves with the passing of decades, even centuries.

Reagan and Thatcher, by Geoffrey Smith (Norton, 285 pp., $22.95)

Mr. Miner is NR*'s Literary Editor.*

But not necessarily. *Reagan and Thatcher*, by Geoffrey Smith, is an example of a clear-eyed chronicle of recent history. It's a book later historians will treasure, but which they themselves would be unable to write. If Mr. Smith was seduced, it was by his own judgment, but then so is the reader.

That the "special relationship" between America and Britain was closer during the Reagan–Thatcher years than at any other time since World War II cannot be disputed. What Mr. Smith demonstrates is that, while the Roosevelt–Churchill *partnership* had, as he writes, "the most fateful consequences," the *friendship* between Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher was "warmer personally and closer ideologically . . . the range of their agreement was broader, embracing domestic as well as international affairs. It stood the test of time better." In some ways (with due respect to Nancy and Denis), it was a perfect marriage, one in which her virtues tended to compensate for his vices, and the other way around. As in most marriages, it was not precisely a union of equals. If she was often the more aggressive partner, it was because he was arguably the more powerful. And this is not just a description of their personalities (although it fits, loosely); this is the geopolitical reality: Britain may lead only if America follows; America may go its own way.

The future President and future Prime Minister first met in 1975. He was the recently retired governor of California, and she the newly elected leader of the opposition. From the start they felt philosophically and personally akin. Throughout the eight years during which they shared Western leadership that kinship was tested and rarely found wanting. Of course, self-interest, national and individual, and the inevitable quid pro quo of political alliance were hardly banished, and yet the friendship more than once subverted *Realpolitik*. Over the pragmatic objections of, among others, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Mr. Reagan gave Britain active support in the Falklands War. Bypassing consultation with her full Cabinet, Mrs. Thatcher allowed American planes bound for Libya to use British bases for staging. This latter decision was politically dangerous for Mrs. Thatcher (a poll would show overwhelming disapproval in Britain), and it was also personally troubling.

The chapters "The Libyan Gambit" and "Irangate: What Thatcher Knew" demonstrate one of Mr. Smith's literary virtues: the ability to make diplomatic history riveting. The go-ahead for British basing of the anti-terrorist strike was vexing, he explains, because Mrs. Thatcher was aware—more than a year before it became public—that the U.S. was secretly supplying arms to Iran in the hope of liberating Americans held hostage by

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Lebanese terrorists. A month later, she was with Mr. Reagan at the economic summit in Tokyo listening to him make what the *New York Times* called "a dramatic and highly personal appeal" on behalf of a proposal to end the export of arms to states that sponsor terrorism. Mr. Smith observes:

> Some tongues must have been in cheeks as the signatories completed this charade . . . Reagan may have convinced himself that he was exporting arms to those who were in touch with terrorists, not to those who were sponsoring or supporting them. Thatcher would not have deluded herself with such casuistry. For her to have taken that statement entirely at face value, as if she had no doubts about American conduct, was not an act of complicity. It was, however, an act of deliberate policy.

When the Lebanese magazine *Al Shiraa* broke the story in November 1986, Mrs. Thatcher still held her tongue. It must have been hard. "Whatever personal sympathy she may have felt for Reagan," Mr. Smith writes, "it is inconceivable that she had any tolerance for the muddled and contradictory policies he had been pursuing . . . The Administration's conduct was absolutely contrary to what he had been saying to his allies and to the principles that she herself believed in." But, Mr. Smith concludes, "What is the use of a friend," she might have said, who supports you only when you are in the right?"

A poignant lesson of *Reagan and Thatcher* is that leadership, even individually powerful and successfully coordinated, has its limits, both in scope and in time. The fabric of the Reagan Presidency was unraveled by Irangate. The scandal did not undo the accomplishments, but it did signal the end of the Reagan era—more than two years before the election of George Bush. We see too much of our leaders; the pressures upon them are too great; they unwind like clockwork toys. Mrs. Thatcher began uncoiling over the very issue on which she had always been rock steady.

The President apparently believed in the goal of a "nuclear-free" world, whereas the Prime Minister, standing firmly to his right, thought such aspirations in perilous disregard of human nature. Perhaps Mr. Reagan simply wore her down, but after the scary Reagan–Gorbachev summit in Reykjavik, she began to waver in her belief that nuclear deployment in Europe was essential for European security. She seemed to oppose the "zero–zero" option one week, and to favor it the next. And by the time George Bush took his oath of office, the political reaper was a shadow in her life. The sequence is not precise, but having been so close to President Reagan, she could only be less close to President Bush (who, speaking of shadows, needed to emerge from one), which would mean the special relationship between Britain and America must suffer. Thus did Britain's great asset become a liability.

Despite their Gulf War alliance, George Bush and John Major seem to be fulfilling Mr. Smith's conclusion: "It is hard to believe that there will ever again be an American President and a British Prime Minister who will form quite as close a personal association." It is left to their successors to define the new world order that may be the Reagan–Thatcher legacy. We cannot

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know the shape of things to come, although we can be confident the future is less likely to be Marxist, which brings us to the fate of the third member of the Eighties' leadership troika.

Mr. Smith rightly notes that Reagan and Thatcher did not bring Mikhail Gorbachev to power, and were not the cause of either the Soviet Union's dreadful economy or the Iron Curtain's embrace of faith and liberty. However, they *were* the ones who strengthened the West's defenses and reinvigorated its markets, and then, Mr. Smith writes, "they broke totally new ground—they convinced [Gorbachev] that it would be safe to stop [the arms race]. . . . That this was done by the most right-wing leaders in the West made the assurance all the more effective."

Geoffrey Smith, long a reporter for the *Times* of London, is as comfortable in Washington as in Whitehall. Few writers will ever have more access to the living memory of the last decade; fewer still will interpret the evidence with as much insight. *Reagan and Thatcher* proves that it's not time that must pass for first-class history to be written, just naïveté. Edmund Morris, take note. □

Nau to the Point

DOUG BANDOW

SERIOUS SCHOLARS produce books that enlighten; publicists create titles to cash in on the last best-seller. Henry R. Nau's *The Myth of America's Decline* is a mixture of the two.

Although Nau, a former member of the Reagan National Security Council staff, takes a shot or two at Paul Kennedy, author of *The Rise and Fall of the Great Powers*, Nau's book is primarily a guide to postwar international economic policy. It is a sober and thoughtful work, eschewing partisanship while examining the differences between various Administrations' policies. He builds an overwhelming case that moral purpose and commitment to free-market policies lead to economic prosperity and international influence.

The Myth of America's Decline: Leading the World Economy into the 1990s, by Henry R. Nau (Oxford, 424 pp., $29.95)

Nau's basic argument is that "choices matter." The power of the U.S. has declined since World War II, but it is America's "choices of national purpose and economic policy"—generally more "liberal" in a classical sense—that "explain the ups and downs of America's influence in the postwar period." During the 1970s, for instance, U.S. influence waned because of self-doubt and inefficient economics, not because of a declining share of world GNP; in the following decade American values helped spark the transformation of the Communist world, not because of any change in relative GNP, but because of a firmer commitment to policies that worked.

Nau's criticism of the various "structuralist models" of international economics, such as those based on material capabilities and social forces, is well taken. Notably, the liberal order promoted by the U.S. after World War II has persisted despite the decline in America's power. In short, Nau contends that one must look at human action as well as institutional structures to understand the development of global economic policy.

Chris Miles

From this Nau concludes that "to influence the world" the U.S. "does not need as much power as it did twenty or forty years ago." He is less concerned with specific military deployments than with national policy and confidence. The U.S., he writes, "can maintain its leadership by being more of a global pope than a global power, supporting basic political values of individual freedom and economic initiative throughout the world less by its military legions than by its diplomacy and domestic example. In this sense, some adjustment of America's military presence in the world community is called for."

Nau does not, however, believe that history has "ended," that Western ideas no longer face any challenge. People will still have to make choices, and those choices will determine their level of economic success and international influence.

In an attempt to learn from history, Nau carefully chronicles postwar international economic policy. The U.S. succeeded after World War II, writes Nau, because "it imbued regional Western institutions with a clear sense of purpose and policy direction. It did not shy away from asserting its own preferences, particularly the policy triad of low inflation, flexible markets, and freer trade." These policies, he emphasizes, came about not because of one international institution or another, but rather through "voluntarist debate in each country."

Similarly, Nau asserts, the Bretton Woods system collapsed not because of any inherent structural problem, but because "deliberate policy choices by the U.S. and its principal allies shattered the foreign-policy consensus on containment and weakened the political framework supporting" it. Countries became increasingly interventionist as a result of a change in *ideas*.

Particularly useful is Nau's analysis of economic policy under Reagan, which he helped shape. "Reaganomics," though market-oriented, did not represent a single whole. Nau says that "the new ideas stressed the old policy triad of price stability, flexible markets, and freer trade, but they did so in a piecemeal and unintegrated fashion." Nevertheless, the Reagan Administration chose basically sound policies and remained on course despite early setbacks, such as the 1981 recession. Its "stubbornness served it

Mr. Bandow, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute, is a nationally syndicated columnist and author of The Politics of Plunder.

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well," writes Nau, and ultimately the U.S. encouraged a global turn to market-oriented policies.

Unfortunately, President Reagan, despite his early successes, failed to take full advantage of his opportunities in later years. In particular, efforts to cut federal spending and promote freer international trade lagged. Nau concludes that the Reagan Administration did not do enough to lead malleable public sentiment: the Administration "acted instinctively to sharpen moral and political differences with totalitarianism and to reconstruct the domestic economic foundations of a stable, open, and growing international economy. But it would never fully understand conceptually what it was about or care enough to explain its policies consistently and patiently to its own public or to its allies."

Nau's analysis is not without flaws. He wants the U.S. to maintain a major military presence in Germany and Japan, despite the rapidly changing international environment. And he wants "a new global initiative" involving additional aid to solve the debt crisis, even though experience suggests that foreign "assistance" is more hindrance than help.

But the fundamental lesson that Nau draws from our postwar international economic experience is sound: "The most important economic requirement for open and efficient international markets is non-inflationary, market-oriented domestic policies." In an era of more intrusive government intervention at home and abroad, Nau's message is worth repeating.

Henry Nau has written more than the usual policy book. Well-documented and powerfully argued, its theme is simple but crucial: A firm commitment to market policies is the most important means of guaranteeing America's international influence. *The Myth of America's Decline* may not deserve a place among the classics of political economy, but it certainly belongs on George Bush's nightstand. □

Descartes Blanche

LOREN E. LOMASKY

THE FIRST PART of Jeffrey Reiman's *Justice & Modern Moral Philosophy* traces the evolution of social-contract theory from Hobbes and Locke through Rousseau and Kant and on to Marx and beyond. This may seem like dry stuff, and in the hands of most expositors it is. But in this rendition it takes on a riveting

Justice & Modern Moral Philosophy, by Jeffrey Reiman (Yale University Press, 322 pp., $24.95)

life of its own as high drama of the mind. Because Reiman has thought originally and deeply about some of the most important issues of political life, his book will receive considerable attention from academics—though not academics exclusively.

It all began, according to Reiman's arresting telling, with Descartes's Evil Demon. No escapee from the shadows of the occult, this hypothetical being was constructed to be a sophisticated detection device for beliefs contaminated by superstition, prejudice, haste, or any other defect that would render them untrustworthy. The history of human aspirations to truth had been a sorry series of subjugations to an endless variety of errors; in order to make a decisive right turn in the direction of indubitable knowledge, one had to cast off all that might blinker a clear gaze.

The Evil Demon was the personification of all those external bars to right understanding, and if Descartes could arrive at a belief so basic, so undeniable that not even this malignant opponent could elicit error from him, he would have arrived at an Archimedean point on which a firm foundation for science could be constructed. In "I think, therefore I am," he found his quarry. It was the fact of thought itself, and not some putative authority outside of his mind, that would ensure release from error.

Although Descartes revolutionized theoretical philosophy, he had little to say about practical concerns of morals and politics, and that little was largely

Mr. Lomasky is a professor of philosophy at Bowling Green State University in Ohio.

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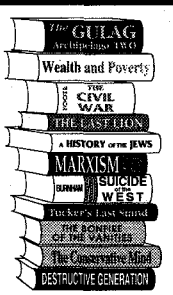

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supportive of conventional mores. His basic insight, however, was soon exported to those arenas, and with profound effect. If we are susceptible to the tyranny of error in matters scientific, all the more are we vulnerable to moral phantasms that would chain us to putative duties that advantage the powerful and the persuasive at our expense. Human subjugation is less often brought about by bonds of iron than by those of creed and code. If we have been successfully indoctrinated into believing that it is our duty above all else to serve the Master, then we will contentedly do so. Our own convictions will bind us more effectively than will any cohort of overseers. How might we free our thought from these shackles? The remedy proffered by Hobbes and Locke was the device of the social contract.

A misreading of these philosophers' works would have them speculating about the existence of some primordial constitutional convention at which the articles of civil society were duly signed, sealed, and delivered. This is wrong for at least two reasons. First, no such event ever occurred. Wherever our moral principles come from, it is not there. But second, even if there had been such a convocation, its deliverances would have no bearing on what we, today, are obligated to do. To think that I am somehow required to comply with terms I had no part in making and that are detached from my interests is to fall victim to yet another variety of subjugation.

The social contract is better conceived in a hypothetical mode analogous to Descartes's demon. It confronts us with the question: What can justify our accepting any restraints at all on doing whatever is in our power to further the prospects of the one life we have to live? How, that is, are we to distinguish right from might?

Although different thinkers in the social-contract tradition provide somewhat different answers, their common theme is some reciprocity among persons such that each has good reason to acknowledge and respect the entitlement of others to live the life that is theirs, subject to receipt of like respect from them. That will ensure to all the conditions in which they can satisfactorily pursue what Reiman gracefully labels their "sovereign interest."

Such conceptions undergird contemporary Western (and, given the events of the past two years, not Western alone) political life, and they are made remarkably accessible here. But Reiman does not merely expound the liberal tradition; he works to advance it. The history is prologue to a derivation of the principles of a theory of justice as nonsubjugation.

It comes in two parts. The first is a theory of natural justice: of what is owed to all other human beings simply in virtue of their humanity. It is not much; predominantly non-interference. To those with whom we share a social structure, however, more is due. That is why, Reiman claims, classical liberalism and its present-day avatar, libertarianism, are deficient. They fail to do justice to the circumstances of equitable cooperation.

The author endorses much of Marx's critique of bourgeois morality, but finally it is with the neo-bourgeois John Rawls, author of the enormously influential *A Theory of Justice*, that he expresses greatest solidarity. Rawls's difference principle, holding that inequalities are unjustified except as they work to the advantage of the least well-off members of a political order, is taken to be regulative for transactions within society. Rawls's own attempted justification of the difference principle is held to be inadequate, but the theory of justice as nonsubjugation, Reiman asserts, affords it firmer underpinning.

Not all of this is convincing. The further Reiman ventures from traditional social contract and natural justice, the less persuasive he becomes. The concluding chapter, in which he attempts to reformulate Rawls, is uncharacteristically weak. Not only is it burdened by an extended rehashing of minutiae of interest only to professional philosophers, but it is also saddled with an incoherent foray into reasoning about production and remuneration that would not pass muster in a beginning microeconomics class.

Reiman would have done better to allow Rawls to speak for himself and to leave economics to the economists. And though he often shows himself able to write with verve and power, the book's introductory twenty pages are unaccountably turgid. What is one to make of this sentence: "If the requirements of reason bind a person's free will without subjugating him and if free will is the capacity to arrive at judgments about how to act by reasoning, then the requirements of reason require a person to bring his judgments into conformity with those requirements without subjugating him"?

Readers are advised to skip the introduction, lest they toss up their hands in despair and abandon the book. That would be a pity, because instances of first-rate philosophical scholarship that also tell a gripping tale are few and far between. Incidental flaws aside, *Justice & Modern Moral Philosophy* is such a book. □

Of a Lazy Summer Afternoon

JAMES C. ROBERTS

ALMOST thirty years ago, *The New Yorker*'s Roger Angell wrote that the blossoming of the first box score is an immensely exciting occurrence, heralding as it does the arrival of baseball and spring. Today, as every bookseller knows, an equally predictable harbinger is the annual blooming of baseball books, remarkable for their profusion: some 350 (257 of them new) were published last year alone. This vast outpouring, covering every conceivable (and, in some cases, inconceivable) aspect of the national pastime, far exceeds the literature of all other sports. Obviously people love to read about baseball. But why?

No other game is so widely played.

Once More around the Park, by Roger Angell (Ballantine, 356 pp., $18.95)

Baseball in America, edited by Karen Mullarkey (Collins, 240 pp., $45)

Stolen Season, by David Lamb (Random House, 288 pp., $20)

None is so intimately shared by fathers and sons (and now daughters). None is so deeply embedded in the

Mr. Roberts, president of Radio America, is producing a radio history of baseball.

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American psyche. Of course, none of this adequately answers the question, but, no matter, the outpouring of books continues, and three new ones are especially effective in evoking the spirit of baseball.

In *Once More around the Park*, Roger Angell calls baseball "the writer's game." Unlike football, basketball, and other team sports, he maintains, baseball is a "linear" game; "something happens and then something else happens as a consequence." This allows the writer to distill memories and impressions of the game on which he can reflect at his leisure.

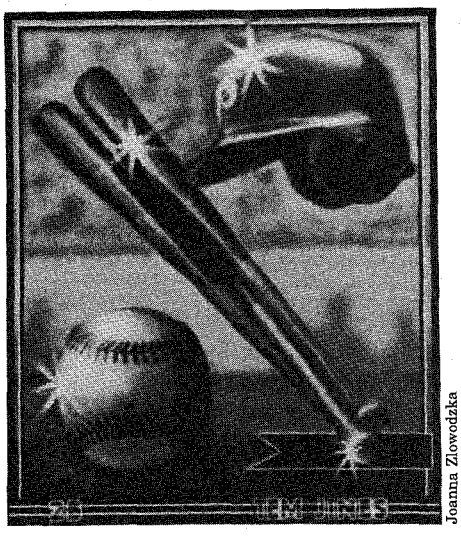
No one writes about the game better than Angell, and in this anthology he has brought together some new essays and many of the best from four previous books (*The Summer Game*, *Five Seasons*, *Late Innings*, and *Season Ticket*). Old-timers and rookies alike will find the book quite satisfying.

Because Angell is an occasional writer, a baseball essayist, he is free of the daily reporter's preoccupation with minutiae. He is able to sit in the stands and savor the game, to gauge its impact on those around him, and to reflect on those aspects of it that catch his fancy—in short, to be a fan: an extraordinarily literate one, but a fan nonetheless, and in his essays the fan's love of the game is articulated in prose of a high order.

The author writes that this anthology is not a "best of" collection, but longtime Angell readers will in fact find many of their favorite pieces included—among them "The Interior Stadium," to my mind the finest reflection on the game ever written. In this essay he observes that,

> Within the ballpark, time moves differently, marked by no clock except the events of the game. This is the unique, unchangeable feature of baseball, and perhaps explains why this sport, for all the enormous changes it has undergone in the past decade or two, remains somehow rustic, unviolent, and introspective. Baseball's time is seamless and invisible, a bubble within which players move at exactly the same pace and rhythms as all their predecessors. This is the way the game was played in our youth and in our father's youth and even back then—back in the country days—there must have been the same feeling that time could be stopped.

Baseball in America is not a writer's book. Except for some brief reflections on the game by Peggy Noonan, Charles Kuralt, and a few others, the book is mostly photos—but it is no less successful in its own way than Angell's in capturing the essence of the game's appeal for Americans.



Joanna Zlowodzka

Under the direction of Karen Mullarkey, more than fifty well-known photographers traveled through the United States with the mission of recording the national pastime from sea to shining sea. There is a section on the major leagues, but for the most part the book is given over to the game as it is played by ordinary people. The locales of the games vary widely, from the grimness of Harlem and a New Orleans housing project to a game played at the foot of majestic mountains in Yosemite National Park.

Some of the photos are exotic, such as the one of Navajo children playing in Arizona's Monument Valley and another depicting Minnesotans playing baseball in snowshoes. And others are homespun, such as the photo of a small baseball park as seen by a woman hanging up laundry in a West Virginia town.

Among my favorites are two that bring out the universal appeal of the game—one of an 18-month-old boy playing tee ball and the other of a 98-year-old player on a St. Petersburg, Florida, senior-citizens team (minimum age of eligibility: 75). Particularly wonderful is the photo of a boy from the winning team at the Little League Championships in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, dutifully signing autographs for admiring fans.

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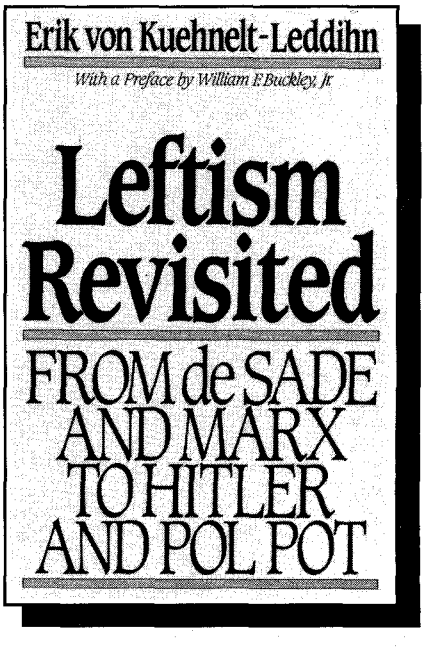
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FROM de SADE AND MARX TO HITLER AND POL POT

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There is also a beautiful, wistful photo of a game being played in a small Massachusetts town, the green field visible through the trees and the whole scene suffused with the soft haze of a lazy summer afternoon. The ultimate in nostalgia, however, comes fittingly on the last page—a photo of three happy Little League boys in the back of a pickup truck headed to (or from) a game, somewhere in America. For anyone who played the game as a kid that picture says it all.

Baseball in America is in many ways a fitting companion to David Lamb's *Stolen Season: A Journey through America and Baseball's Minor Leagues*. The title comes from the leave of absence the author took from the *Los Angeles Times* (and from adulthood) to travel around the country watching life in the minors. For Lamb, who had spent eight years in Africa and the Middle East, the trip was an opportunity to rediscover America by rediscovering baseball, the game that had been (along with Tootsie-Rolls) the great passion of his youth.

There ensued a five-month-long, 16,000-mile journey around America in a used RV dubbed "Forty-Niner." The adventure begins in Stockton, California (whose team, the "Ports," is a descendant of Mighty Casey's famous Mudville Nine), and continues across the South to Atlanta, up the Eastern Seaboard to Elmira, New York, back west through Montana to the Pacific Northwest, and finally, full circle, to Stockton in time to see the Ports win the championship.

Lacking an itinerary or deadline, Lamb was free to ramble at his own pace through the countryside and small towns of America, lingering where, and for as long as, he wished, getting to know minor-league players, managers, and fans along the way. The result is a portrait of the sort of baseball we remember from a simpler, more innocent time.

Far from the world of the majors with its big-money contracts and celebrity endorsements, Lamb was free to experience baseball in cities like El Paso, Texas, and Chattanooga, Tennessee, where "players work for less than the minimum wage, feast on Big Macs and chocolate shakes, endure 17-hour bus trips from say, Medicine Hat (in Alberta, Canada) to Salt Lake City, and share more fun and more camaraderie than millionaire major leaguers could ever know."

In his prologue, Lamb tells an astonishing baseball story from his boyhood. A crestfallen fan of the Braves, who had abandoned Boston for Milwaukee, the 14-year-old Lamb wrote the sports editor of the *Milwaukee Sentinel* asking for permission to write a column about the Braves. To his amazement the request was granted and young Lamb began a weekly column that ran for five months and became the sensation of Milwaukee. The payoff to his incredible dream came when a wealthy Milwaukee couple paid for him to spend a week in Milwaukee attending games and hanging out with players he had idolized: Warren Spahn, Eddie Mathews, Chuck Tanner.

Lamb resolved to track down as many of the old players as he could during his sabbatical. He succeeded in many cases, and the accounts of these meetings, woven throughout *Stolen Season*, provide some of its most appealing pages.

These players—even the giants like Warren Spahn—were paid modest salaries in their day and as a result live modestly in retirement. As we meet them along the way—Boston Red Sox shortstop Don Buddin in his liquor store; Eddie Mathews sitting in Lamb's RV in Durham, North Carolina; Chuck Tanner on a tractor on his Pennsylvania farm—they look so ordinary, ensconced in comfortable middle-class retirement. Yet this is altogether appropriate, for in their old age they are fading back into the tableau of small-town America, which gave rise to baseball in the first place and where (at least in the mind's eye) the game still uniquely belongs. □

FILM

Dirty Doings

JOHN SIMON

Alan Nahigian

WHEN Colin and Mary are on their second holiday in Venice in two or three years, Colin proposes to Mary. Will she marry him? "Yes, but we don't have to commit ourselves to all that," she replies. "I mean, it's been such a lovely day." Actually, it hasn't been all that lovely; but, in any case, what has the loveliness of the day to do with committing oneself or not? Nothing; but then, not much else in ***The Comfort of Strangers*** makes much sense. After all, the screenplay is by Harold Pinter, and the direction by Paul Schrader.

Colin is in a profession having to do with books; at any rate, he has brought along a book-length manuscript that he hates. Mary, who has two small children by another man back home in England, used to be an actress in an all-female theater company, but now mostly does TV commercials. Trivial conversation is to them what cud is to cows: they chew endlessly on Mary's having unwittingly agreed to her ostracism by a bunch of coevals when she was eight or nine (something that still horribly preys on her mind) or on whether Colin really likes children—either Mary's in particular or, more existentially, children in general. Any topic is good for at least twenty lines of laconic but obsessive, cryptic and vaguely unsettling, dialogue.

However, their best subject is sex. They practice it avidly, sometimes not leaving their hotel room for a whole day while they service each other, and

Mr. Simon, NR's film critic, is also theater critic for New York *magazine.*

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room service services them. But they talk it as greedily as they perform it. Colin proposes to build a machine with all sorts of attachments and gizmos, and a low but steady hum, into which he would strap Mary; it would f--- her "not just for hours and days, but for years and years and years." (A steal from Alfred Jarry, but never mind.) Her fantasy is even more winsome. She would find herself a handsome surgeon who would cut off Colin's arms and legs, the rest of him to be kept in her bedroom in perpetuity, to perform pretty much the way the aforesaid machine would. Mary is evidently a Luddite at heart, but a generous one: "And sometimes," she adds, "I would lend you to my girlfriends."

When our couple returns very late one night from Murano, where they have watched glass being blown for hours (even the glass in this movie is insatiable), the hotel restaurant is closed, like all other eateries around. (What about room service? Don't look for consistency in Pinter.) The concierge directs them to an allegedly easy-to-find all-night joint not too far away. They wander through nocturnal Venice for what seems like forever (to us even more than to them), lost until an obliging Italian stranger pops up out of nowhere in a gorgeous white suit and offers to lead them to some splendid food.

But before I advert to the food, I must tell you about his even more splendid suit with wide, pointy lapels, worn with a white shirt and a black necktie patterned with bold rhomboid white squiggles. The clothes, you see, are by Giorgio Armani, by George! His name, in huge print, is announced on a title card during the opening credits—far more prominently than the names of other, humbler collaborators on the film. And rightly so, as the Armanis, for men and women, very nearly eclipse the lesser beauties of Venice—art, architecture, canals, etc.—caressingly photographed by Dante Spinotti in a kind of visual *terza rima*, even as the insufferably tutti-frutti music of Angelo Badalamenti contributes bad elements of its own.

Well now, back to that stranger and the sleek dive he takes our couple to. (Not so much sleek, perhaps, as *louche*.) The cook, it seems, is sick, and, no one else being able to whip up a bit of pasta, Robert, as the stranger is called, plies Mary and Colin with a red wine he claims to be highly nutritive. After they've had their fill of wine, Robert entertains them with stories about his father—a real man, not like today's ambiguous lot. Out of sheer masculinity, Papa would dye his superb black mustache, when it began to go grey, back to its former virility with a mascara brush. We were treated to this piece of vital information by an unidentified, disembodied and incongruous, voice (Robert's) at the start of the film; Robert will repeat it a couple of more times, including at film's end. Papa was a terror to his wife, four daughters, and son Robert, all of whom, when he saw fit, he beat with a thick leather strap.

Robert offers this, and more like it, as answer to the question about how he met Caroline, his Canadian wife. The connection remains hazy, although much later, when the equally weird Caroline reveals that she and Robert practice kinky sex, we may infer some nexus with that paternal belt. This sex, as we gather, is the much-delayed cause of Caroline's occasional painful contractions and contortions: "It hurts when I laugh," she explains. But since life in Robert and Caroline's spectacular apartment (a major palazzo with museum-worthy Renaissance furniture as well as —somewhat inappropriately—English Pre-Raphaelite paintings) offers precious few laughs, the postcoital pain may be bearable. As for the coital one, Caroline explains to the puzzled Mary how she came to love it.

All this happens after Robert spirits Colin and Mary away to his seignorial abode. After the all-night bar, he did not show them the way home, so they ended up sleeping in the streets. Hardly had they settled in at a café on the Piazza San Marco for a long overdue breakfast when he pops up again (it turns out he has been following them and clandestinely photographing Colin ever since he and Mary hit Venice), snatches them off in a motorboat, and soon has them sleeping it off in one of his *quattrocento* bedrooms. When they wake up late in the evening and have had their mandatory sex, they discover that their clothes have been secreted away. Caroline offers to return them only if they prom-

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ise to stay for dinner. They do, even though Robert, seeing Colin with a skimpy towel around his loins, ominously exclaims, "You look like an angel!"

Although things get yummily worse, I won't go on, sensing that you have already said "Uncle." Colin is played by Rupert Everett, Britain's number-one tormented young man, in a performance that is one long narcissistic sulk laced with an intermittent Gioconda smile. Mary is Natasha Richardson (Vanessa Redgrave's daughter), a slightly bovine young woman with a talent somewhat smaller than her mother's, and breasts, as we are unremittingly shown, appreciably larger. The two of them—I mean Richardson and Everett—are particularly good together in a scene on a posh restaurant terrace, where he informs her that he is jealous not of her but of her beauty, and goes on to speculate about why there is only one word in English for "thighs." This leads into a lengthy discussion of whether the other diners—who are understandably watching them—are ogling *her* thighs and bottom (his theory), or *his* thighs and bottom (her theory). This poser, like so much of interest in this movie, remains unanswered.

Robert is played by the American Christopher Walken, who here confirms his status as our spookiest actor. His tallowy, lined face, in what appear to be the middle-to-late stages of dissipation, is topped by a receding blond thatch, not so much wavy as aggressively billowing. Any movie with a single close-up of him calls for an automatic R rating. When, in the middle of a seemingly innocent conversation, he grounds Colin with a sudden blow to the solar plexus, Walken flashes an ice-blue gaze sufficient to drown an entire Antarctic expedition. Caroline is Helen Mirren, a not untalented actress whom, however, only the British could have viewed as a sex kitten (she is quite plain but endowed with two appendages the size, though not the consistency, of punching bags) and encouraged to lay herself bare in every movie, well into her late forties. In this one, unaccountably, she doesn't disrobe.

Paul Schrader's direction, predictably, does not palliate the excesses of Pinter's script (from a novel by Ian McEwan), but plays right into them. Despite more graphic horrors, what shocked me most was the misspelling on a Venetian street sign: *Ponte della Malvasia Vechia* for *Vecchia*. That the English can't make a good movie I sadly fathomed some time ago. But that the Italians can't spell?! . . .

■ The French film ***La Femme Nikita***, which has been breaking attendance records in Paris and London, and may yet do so here, is as peculiar as they come. It is a Frenchified, and therefore much more chic, version of that notorious American genre, the political-paranoia picture, of which *Three Days of the Condor* and *The Parallax View* were prime examples. If there are any shreds of Cartesian logic still left in France, this movie could put an end to them.

The underlying idea in such a film is that there exists some top-secret government agency that specializes in activities such as political assassination and the overthrowing of foreign governments. In this case, a beautiful young woman who is a streetwise punk, a zonked druggie, and a ruthless killer is apprehended during an armed robbery in which the store owner and the male members of her gang are killed and she shoots a policeman dead point blank. Condemned to death, she is given an alternative: to be proclaimed dead and trained for three years in a subterranean complex—under the surveillance of Bob, a man of iron—in everything from computers to karate, from sharpshooting to female allure (in which she gets some highly improbable lessons from Jeanne Moreau), until, because her deadliness is controlled, she becomes even more formidable than before.

We learn little about her beyond that her name is Nikita, an unlikely monicker, but Luc Besson, who wrote and directed, once on an airplane listened to Elton John's record of that name, and the lightheadedness of high altitude combining with Elton John can spawn just about anything. Anyway, Nikita, no longer a punker but a lethal weapon in enchanting female guise, leads a normal life under an assumed name except that, every now and then, she is ordered by phone to dispatch this or that person, which she

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does with great efficiency under titillatingly bizarre circumstances. This done, it is back to normality again, especially after she meets an adorable supermarket clerk, the sweet and dreamy Marco, and they become sweet and dreamy lovers. Thereupon complications ensue, not so much from the odd assassination, on which Marco traipses along uncomprehending, as from the reappearance of Bob, which pushes the film into a much older French genre, the love triangle, albeit of a very queer sort.

The film does, however, have two assets. The more dubious one is its ability to mix brutal actions with an offbeat, devil-may-care humor. The less dubious one is Anne Parillaud, a former dancer, in the lead. Her legs cavort through the world even as her body revels in its corporality. As talented as she is pretty, she makes the movie throb with aliveness. □

APPRECIATION

The End of the Chase

PETER GLENVILLE

THE Graham Greene I grew to know while working closely with him in the Fifties (on his first play and on a film) was in many ways different from his public image, and very different indeed from the figure suggested by *NR*'s grudging obituary ["The Week," April 29]. His opinions and beliefs were often controversial and unnerving—which he certainly meant them to be. Of course, he realized that he was perhaps second only to Evelyn Waugh as the preeminent novelist of style and originality in the England of his day. As an individual, however, he was a modest man who liked to guard his privacy. Unlike Waugh he was irretrievably on the side of the underdog. Even at a social gathering he would always notice the person who seemed ill at ease or ignored, and at once would seek him or her out to chat with.

Graham always distrusted the exercise of power and even the acquisition of undue wealth. He quoted with approval Henry James's reference (through one of his characters) to "the black and merciless things that are behind great possessions." For instance, although he was personally quite fond of Sir Alexander Korda, he had a strong distaste for his yacht and all its fine appurtenances. This attitude led to a great suspicion of America as a dangerous colossus.

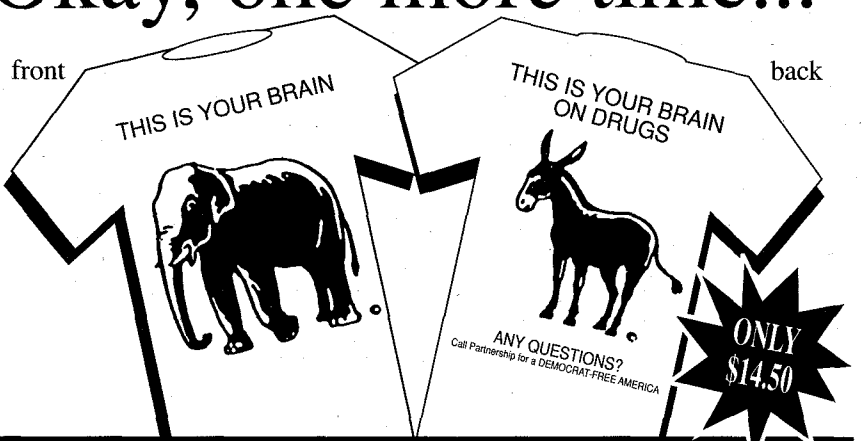
Once when two investigative figures arrived from America to assess any sympathetic tendencies toward Communism which some of England's leading figures might have entertained, they requested an interview with Graham. Instead of contemptuously refusing he invited them to his apartment in London. Before their arrival he removed his large collection of literature and filled his bookshelves instead with classic Communist manifestoes and tomes by Marx, Engels, Lenin, etc. I don't know how the interview went but it was surely a highly mischievous encounter and very misleading for the unfortunate and eager young men. For Graham it was not so much a gesture as an exercise in enjoyable black comedy. But he was in no way a Party man or an ideologue. He was a bohemian artist who instinctively supported the weak and opposed the strong. He played David to any figure, the Soviet Union included, who could possibly be taken for a Goliath—although that giant often, for him, took on surprising guises.

In fact, he fundamentally distrusted success and all that it stood for. "For a writer as much as for a priest there is no such thing as success."

As a Roman Catholic convert he was, of course, vitally concerned with his religion and with the actuality of sin. Without a sense of sin, he suggested, life had no ethical tension or even understandable explanation. His cool but merciful eye detected sin and treachery everywhere. He sensed the soft touch of its antennae with

Mr. Glenville directed several film and stage adaptations of works by Graham Greene, including The Comedians *and* The Living Room. *He also directed the Broadway version of Anouilh's* Becket.

"Okay, one more time..."



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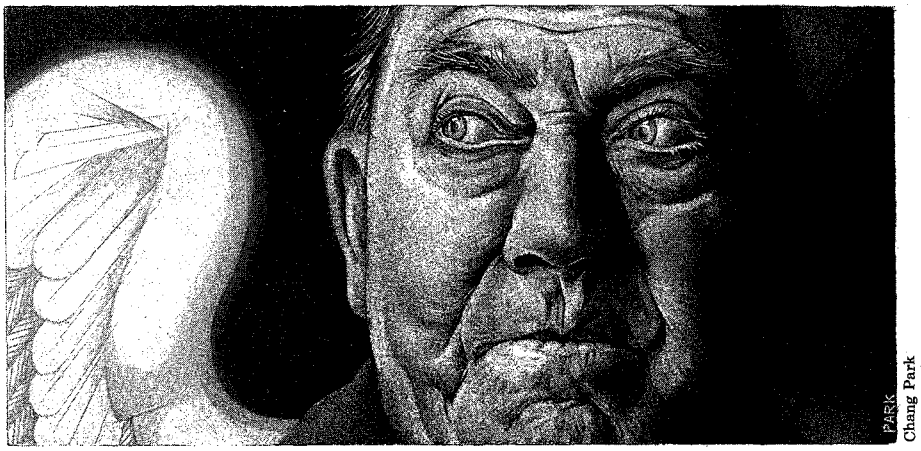
alarming sensitivity, and the rumblings of Lucifer's baleful drums were never entirely out of his hearing. And yet he was far from being a puritan. Surely he loved wine, women, and song—his song, of course, was fine writing, of which he was a magnificent judge. In conversation he seldom denigrated other people's work except very occasionally to laugh at something preposterous.

As a writer he was not perhaps known primarily as a humorist, and yet, as a companion, humor was one of his most engaging traits. This comic sense covered every modality except the loud and the raucous. It could be sharp, sly, cynical, grotesque, doom-laden, or even convivial. When no injustice or strident vulgarity was involved he was greatly tolerant. He even genuinely loved people for their very faults—and especially for their absurdities—though never if they showed the slightest sign of cruelty.

His sentiments were pulsatingly strong but he abominated sentimentality. For a man of his eminence he was astonishingly lacking in self-importance and even in the normal sense of automatic authority which was his



due. I found it positively intimidating when I was working with him (as a director on his first play) that he would listen patiently to suggestions and proceed to amend or alter with simple interest and enthusiasm. Of course when he did not agree (which invariably meant that you were, in fact, wrong) he would gently point out your mistake with a quiet smile.

It is interesting to learn that one of his closest friends in his last years was a Catholic priest. If ever a man was indefatigably chased by the Hound of Heaven, it was Graham. At times he appeared to give the Hound a very good run for its money; but the chase went on. He could even smile at this suggestion, although the fluctuations, currents, and tides of his personal faith remained constant. In 1967 he wrote, "Goodness has only once found a perfect incarnation in a human body and never will again, but evil can always find a home there."

He was ferociously loyal to his friends. However, he considered a virtue the disloyalty a man commits in the service of a greater allegiance. The novelist, he wrote, should beware of too great a consistency. "He stands for the victims and the victims change. Loyalty confines you to accepted opinions. Loyalty forbids you to comprehend sympathetically your dissident fellows; but disloyalty encourages you to roam through any human mind: it gives the novelist an extra dimension of understanding."

Finally, for those who believe Graham was inalienably attracted to state socialism, I offer a quote from a 1972 paper, "The Virtue of Disloyalty." "If we enlarge the bounds of sympathy in our readers," he wrote, "we succeed in making the work of the State a degree more difficult. That is a genuine duty we owe society, to be a piece of grit in the state machinery. However acceptable for the moment the Soviet state may find the great classic writers . . . [these artists] have surely made the regimentation of the Russian spirit an imperceptible degree more difficult or more incomplete. . . . Sooner or later [the socialist hero's] strenuous bugle note, of social responsibility, of the greatest material good of the greatest number, must die in the ear, and then perhaps certain memories will return, of long purposeless discussions in the moonlight about life and art, the click of a billiard ball, the sunny afternoons of that month in the country." □

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TRANS-O-GRAM / Kem Putney

1 K	2 Q	3 L	4 F		5 I	6 B	7 N	8 U	9 Y	10 G		11 E	12 C	13 J	14 A	15 O		16 B	17 K	18 L		19 F	20 H
	21 M	22 C	23 I	24 B	25 L		26 W	27 P		28 Z	29 T	30 S		31 R	32 V	33 E	34 B	35 D	36 H	37 A	38 K	39 F	40 M
	41 C	42 J	43 Q	44 O	45 U	46 A	47 E	48 I	49 L	50 N	51 P	52 G		53 M	54 K	55 J	56 T	57 a		58 S	59 Z	60 R	61 O
	62 Y	63 X	64 L	65 V	66 B	67 H		68 A	69 G	70 D		71 L	72 N	73 R	74 F	75 C	76 Q	77 O	78 I	79 K	80 B	81 P	82 A
	83 U	84 N	85 Z		86 E	87 M	88 F	89 B	90 V	91 a	92 X	93 O		94 M	95 C	96 G	97 I	98 K	99 Y	100J		101E	102P
103U	104T		105N	106D	107I		108L	109S	110K	111G		112D	113K		114U	115A	116E	117V	118Q	119T	120N	121C	122M
123J	124O		125Y	126R	127F	128H	129W	130K	131E	132A	133U		134Q	135L		136F	137O	138T		139F	140M	141S	142N
143L	144K		145B	146O	147D	148F		149S	150Y	151I		152L	153X	154E	155D	156B		157F	158H	159P		160B	161K
	162H	163R	164J	165Z	166P		167W	168L	169B	170G		171a	172Q	173N	174J		175G	176L		177S	178H	179U	180B
	181V		182I	183C	184V	185O	186F	187X	188G	189D	190Q		191Y	192O		193H	194L	195M	196B	197E	198C	199V	200W
201N		202D	203A	204R	205L	206F	207S	208M	209Z	210T		211N	212A	213D	214a								

DEFINITIONS

A. "Exercise" in red tape? — 203 115 82 37 14 132 212 68 46

B. Science of the eye — 89 24 180 145 6 16 196 80 160 169 / 34 66 156

C. Fragmentation-bomb product — 75 12 95 183 41 121 198 22

D. Sprinter's timely device — 213 155 112 202 70 147 189 35 106

E. Oriole home — 86 116 197 11 131 33 101 154 47

F. Foretasting, especially for Carly Simon — 136 4 127 186 88 206 74 139 148 39 / 157 19

G. Punish, at sea — 111 96 69 170 10 188 175 52

H. Overjoyed — 128 158 162 67 20 36 178 193

I. Withdrawn — 78 151 5 23 182 107 48 97

J. The sheltered side, at sea — 100 174 13 164 123 42 55

K. Delayed result — 54 113 130 79 17 144 161 98 1 110 / 38

L. Faust's fiend — 143 18 176 71 168 205 49 64 152 194 / 135 108 3 25

M. Businessman's accessory — 21 53 122 208 94 40 195 140 87

N. Hari Krishna's instrument — 105 72 173 211 7 142 84 50 120 201

O. Anglo-Saxon tongue (2 words) — 192 137 185 15 61 93 124 77 44 146

P. Pub — 159 51 102 81 166 27

Q. Yet — 76 172 134 190 2 43 118

R. Played the ham — 204 73 163 126 60 31

S. Worried about (slang) — 141 177 30 109 149 58 207

T. Shaver's suds — 138 56 210 29 119 104

U. Garage-sale treasure — 83 133 179 45 114 8 103

V. Certain of reporters' sources — 65 199 184 181 90 32 117

W. Graduation garb — 200 26 167 129

X. Applause — 63 153 92 187

Y. Did a tutor's job — 191 125 99 9 150 62

Z. Happening — 165 59 85 209 28

a. Like Croesus — 57 91 171 214

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 60 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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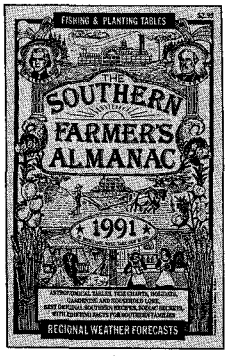

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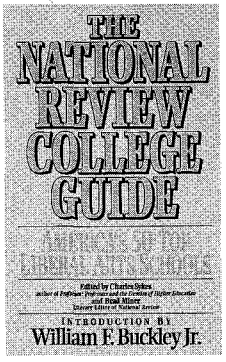

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FINN

(Continued from page 41)

unsatisfactory products, poor service, or weak value for money must either change their ways or shrivel and die. Marketplace forces, coupled with the flexibility of private schools to respond to them, create a partial accountability system for private education.

But student achievement can remain mediocre in "successful" private schools if their objectives are modest, their standards low, or the customers too readily satisfied. This is my main quarrel with those who view school choice as a silver bullet, a sufficient precondition for excellence. Fast-food outlets come and go as consumers choose among them, and nobody doubts that their marketplace is lively and responsive. But we can still wind up with an obese and malnourished populace if most of their customers are happy with a diet of burgers and fries.

Sating millions of individual appetites may not add up to a society that is well prepared for the twenty-first century. I do not mean this as an elitist or undemocratic argument. Rather, it recognizes that education serves both private and public purposes and that it is possible to satisfy the former, at least in the short run, without doing justice to the latter, especially when so many people are content with the present performance of their own children and schools. An accountable education system that also meets the larger society's needs has to have goals that are worth achieving, consequences that affect individuals and institutions at every stage and level of the system, and accurate information feedback that connects consequences to goals. □

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Get Saddam Hussein

NEW YORK, APRIL 26

There is something surrealistic about the situation in Iraq. The government of Iraq is protesting the aid we are giving a million Kurds driven from their homes by the government of Iraq and afraid to return for fear of execution. We, who are dropping Band-Aids and doughnuts, are on the defensive. Then the government of Iraq asks the United Nations to hurry up and permit the sale of one billion barrels of oil so that the government of Iraq can buy things it needs for its people. Over $5 billion worth of oil belonging to Kuwait has been destroyed, because the government of Iraq torched the Kuwaiti wells as a final gesture of defiance, bringing on ecological asphyxiation. The government of Iraq, of course, is quite simply Saddam Hussein.

From the quarterly *International Lawyer*, an article, "Justice Jackson at Nuremberg," by Whitney R. Harris of St. Louis (Summer 1986): "[Jackson] inquired whether because of the *Führer* system, the attack was made upon the Soviet Union in 1941 despite Goering's personal opposition and without public participation or knowledge. Goering responded: 'The German people did not know about the declaration of war against Russia until after the war with Russia had started. . . . The German people were not asked; they were told of the fact and the necessity for it.' And when asked why the war was continued after it was clear that Germany would be defeated, at the cost of the devastation of German cities and populace, Goering testified that as long as Hitler was the *Führer* of the German people, he alone decided whether the war was to continue. Goering asserted that, despite Hitler's accusations of disloyalty, he never thought for a minute of taking over power illegally or of acting against the *Führer* in any way."

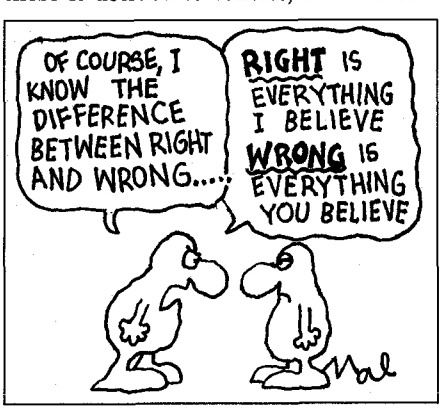
The testimony cited was taken in March 1946, absolute confirmation of the *Führerprinzip*—which governs today in Iraq, as it did then in Germany. And reminding us that the alternatives to going in there and arresting Saddam are preposterous, outrageous—utter evasions.

In March, Whitney Harris served as chairman of a symposium comprising attorneys who had served as prosecutors at Nuremberg. These were, at the time, young lawyers, assisting chief U.S. prosecutor Robert Jackson and his principal assistant, Thomas Dodd. The symposium agreed on a resolution the final paragraph of which reads: "[We] urge that the United Nations, the United States and its coalition partners, and all peace-loving nations take all appropriate action to investigate, indict, prosecute, and punish those Iraqi nationals who have planned and prosecuted an Aggressive War against Kuwait or committed War Crimes or Crimes Against Humanity in the course of that war in violation of the Nuremberg Principles, the United Nations Charter, the Security Council Resolutions, or International Conventions of which Iraq is a signatory."

The prose is stuffy, and one shrinks from references to "peace-loving nations," given the abuse of that term. But Whitney Harris and his colleagues were driving home important political and legal points. There was some contention, leading up to Nuremberg, on whether we were engaging in *ex post facto* law when charging the defendants with crimes of aggression; and to have admitted as a qualified judge the representative of Josef Stalin contaminated the proceeding. But in fact the Stalinist's vote was never needed to make the points the tribunal wished to make, or to convict those it decided to convict; and the Stalinist was overridden when the tribunal exonerated two defendants.

But whatever the objections to Nuremberg, the fact is that we were left with a precedent. In his essay, Mr. Harris reminds us that Justice Jackson was especially careful to lay down the groundwork on which reasonable men could concert to insist on justice. "The tribunal concluded that it was unnecessary 'to consider at any length the extent to which these aggressive wars were also wars in violation of international treaties, agreements, or assurances.' The tribunal observed that 'the maxim *nullum crimen sine lege* [there is no crime unless there is a law against its commission] is not a limitation of sovereignty, but is in general a principle of justice.'"

The legal groundwork is indisputably there, Saddam Hussein is indisputably an indictable defendant: and the object of our policies at this point should be: to arrest him. □



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How Not To Understand It All

NEW YORK, APRIL 24

For all its many triumphs, every now and again CBS's *60 Minutes* lays an awful demagogic egg. An egg worth dissecting, in this case, because the subject matter is a tripwire for political passions of the most discreditable kind.

The subject was one Frank Aries. What follows is the working of the memory—a syllable or two may be off, the meaning is dead on:

"Mr. Aries isn't an easy man to catch up with. He denied us the interview we tried to have with him. So, we went hunting for him. That"—the camera pans on a beautiful sailing yacht, 79 feet long, tantalizingly named *Scheherazade*, suggesting the ultimate in hedonism—"is something owned by Mr. Aries. You, the taxpayer, don't have any interest in it—it's all his. . . . but we taxpayers do own 100 per cent of this"—the camera pans on what appears to be just this side of wasteland—"25,000 acres of scrubland near Colorado Springs. Who paid for it? The taxpayer paid for it. How much did Mr. Aries pay for it? *He* paid $5,000 per acre—except that when he couldn't meet the payments to the S&L that lent him the money, you, the taxpayer, got the land. The depositors didn't lose a cent, not one cent. Their money was guaranteed. And the land? No buyers, no bidders.

"Ah. Here is Mr. Aries. Good morning,

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Mr. Aries, we'd like to ask you about your property in Colorado."

"Well, go ahead and ask."

"You are a successful businessman?"

"I used to be a successful businessman. I have run into bad times, lost 80 per cent of my net worth."

"But that property in Colorado, you weren't liable for that at all, were you?"

"Of course not. My father taught me never to use a fountain pen."

It is explained, more or less, that what this means is that Mr. Aries borrowed the money in the name of a corporation, not in his own name. That is the basic principle of capitalist enterprise. A corporation exists in order to avoid personal liability. In the United Kingdom, where corporations began, for the word "Inc." as in "incorporated," they use "Ltd." as in "limited liability." I.e., the stockholders stand to lose only their stock in the company, if the company fails; not their homes and their children's bicycles, and their sailboats.

The point of the exercise was neatly summarized by Professor Irving Kristol years ago. He wrote that it is one thing to oppose welfare laws that are abused by opportunists, quite another to take the position that if money is offered to someone who has the technical qualifications, that person shouldn't take it.

What the interrogator on *60 Minutes* should have stressed is not Mr. Aries, but the people who made the Aries catastrophe possible. In order of responsibility: 1) the loan officers of the S&L, who allowed what amounted to public money to be used for a wildcat real-estate venture; 2) the congressmen who failed during the past ten years to call attention to the worsening S&L situation; and 3) the congressmen who authorized the Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Corp. to protect up to $100,000 of each depositor's money. Applying the Kristol Law, no depositor is going to shrink from putting money into an institution guaranteed by the government. And any depositor is going to head for the highest interest. If tomorrow Mom and Pop open a corner bank and offer 20 per cent interest, why should the depositor settle for less, if his deposit is guaranteed by the government? All Mom & Pop have to do now is to lend money out at 22 per cent. Who is going to pay 22 per cent? Speculators—who can't borrow at lower interest because the loan is manifestly insecure. The Aries set. But don't blame them. Put the congressmen and senators and bank examiners on the spot.

The trouble is they aren't such nubile bait. They don't have 79-foot sailboats.

It is very frustrating, as the dollars mount up. Not very much partisan grist for anyone's mill, since everybody was more or less guilty, Republicans who ran the White House and should have blown the whistle, and Democrats who ran the Congress and did the authorizing. Perhaps *60 Minutes* can come forward with a truth-squad sequel. □

Remembering Harriet Pilpel

NEW YORK, APRIL 29

Harriet Pilpel died last week, and the notices divulged her age. A few years ago, debating about something or another having to do with women's rights, I amused myself by quoting from her curriculum vitae, which, unlike those of the male participants, ignored any mention of when she was born. She rose to the podium and smiled that smile that disarmed generations of adversaries, and said that she was too smart to be manipulated by so typical an act of male chauvinism. She looked late-fiftyish, and when several years ago her husband died, she remarried. But I did notice, on one of her appearances on *Firing Line* a few weeks ago, where she defended every extremity in the civil-liberties catalogue, a hunchbackian little hump behind her neck, and she was using a cane. No wonder. She was 82.

Mrs. Pilpel was a renowned lawyer and activist, and for all that she stressed unisex in respect of everything from bomber pilots to legislators, she could never have been mistaken for other than what she was, an intensely feminine woman of quite singular beauty. Although she was as sharp in debate as any Oxford Union killer she managed a benevolent emanation that I like to think, after twenty years of carpet-bombing exchanges with her, genuinely reflected her character. She was a lovable woman and I loved her.

Which dramatized the impact of the memorial services held for her in New York City. The room was packed, the audience very heavily Jewish—she was very proud, one of her eulogists pronounced, of being Jewish, though there was not a single mention of Yahweh, which must have disappointed the half-dozen young men there wearing yarmulkes. Several of her sometime law partners spoke of her, as did a son, and a grandson. The reflections were eloquent, affectionate, and deeply respectful.

But if there was a single thematic unifier in the event, other than the singular talents and grace of the deceased, it was the fight Harriet Pilpel had waged for so long for abortion rights. One eulogist said that as a young woman, graduated from Vassar College and Columbia Law School, she had plighted her professional troth to two causes: the first, her own individual freedom to do as she chose; the second, her absolute commitment to women's "reproductive rights." Others took up the theme. They seemed to be saying that although she would always be remembered by those who knew her for her captivating personal presence, she would be known by history for her contributions to abortion rights.

The occasion drove home the infinitely sad polarization between the Choicers and the Lifers. If it had been said of Mrs. Pilpel that she lived her life fighting for the right to free speech and expression, those who believe in free speech while bemoaning the excesses to which it is often taken could plausibly applaud such a career. But whereas free speech means for some the right to read *Ulysses*, abortion rights mean the right to kill undeveloped human beings. The trouble with abortion rights is abortion. It is not possible to distinguish between the two: if one defends the right to destroy the fetus, the destroyed fetus is the result of the exercise of that right. The ACLU, ten years ago, defended the right of neo-Nazis to parade in Skokie, Illinois. The ACLU was making an abstract point about free expression of opinion. What it would certainly not do is celebrate neo-Nazism. Professor Alan Dershowitz, appearing on *Firing Line* with his client Harry Reems, hastily made note that although he was defending the right of Harry Reems to star in *Deep Throat*, he wished it known that he himself had never seen *Deep Throat*, and never would. But to defend the reproductive rights, so called, of women, it is absolutely necessary to celebrate the act of pre-infanticide, and this is not easy for fellow Americans to do. For some Americans it is quite simply impossible to do. For the majority, it is only contingently permissible to do: the great majority of Americans, the polls reveal, believe that a woman ought to have the right to abort, but they believe also that a woman who aborts chooses—for whatever reason—a tragic alternative. Even as the exercise of any right to suicide can be at once understandable and tragic.

Over all of which Mrs. Pilpel would have smiled, in her persistent crusade to affirm the right of the woman, which requires the silencing of any suggestion of a right of the unborn child. □

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OFF THE RECORD

G. I. Jane. Remember Captain Linda Bray? During the invasion of Panama she was hailed as the first woman to lead men into combat, against a dog kennel no less, only it turned out that she was half a mile away at the time. Now some feminists are using America's resounding victory in the Gulf to press their agenda once again, through an official organization called the Defense Advisory Committee on Women in the Services (DACOWITS). At their semi-annual meeting in April they pushed through without discussion a resolution calling for women to be used in combat—without any reference, however, to the actual performance and problems associated with female troops in the Persian Gulf.

Right now women are prohibited both by law and by army regulation from taking part in combat. The DACOWITS resolution said nothing about the army regulation—a neat political move, in that repeal of this regulation would raise the issue of women and the draft; the regulation was the reason that the courts did not force women to register when the draft came up last time. Your mother may soon be wearing army boots.

Who Whom? If you watched a recent edition of *Hard Copy* or read a Jack Anderson column on the President's Commission on Executive Exchange, you might have come away with the idea that the PCEE's Betty Heitman was at the center of another Teapot Dome. Indeed, Representative Tom Lantos (D., Calif.) even went so far as to convene hearings on the subject, based upon the charges made by Gordon Hamel, an employee Mrs. Heitman fired last year.

Mr. Hamel claims that he is a "whistleblower" bothered by the PCEE's practices, but neither Mr. Anderson nor *Hard Copy* went into some of the questions about Mr. Hamel. Three employees have claimed under oath that Mr. Hamel had been abusive toward and had sexually harassed women in the office; Mr. Hamel tells Cato it is not true and that he has his own depositions. But, in files handed over to the inspector general in the course of the Office of Personnel Management's investigation into his charges, there is also a handwritten memo from him, dated May 3, 1990, noting the presence of two officers investigating charges of sexual harassment against him and saying that he thought he was on the verge of being fired. On May 7 he came up with the charges against Mrs. Heitman and invoked the Whistleblowers' Protection Act.

In a preliminary briefing given to Representatives Bob Livingston (R., La.), Connie Morella (R., Md.), Jon Kyl (R., Ariz.), and Benjamin Gilman (R., N.Y.), the inspector general's office said there was no evidence of any serious wrongdoing by Mrs. Heitman, citing only five minor infractions out of the original 43 charges. In monetary terms, the total involved in all this was under $1,000; by contrast, congressional sources tell Cato that the investigation will cost the taxpayers between $100,000 and $150,000. Maybe the Honorable Mr. Lantos might be interested in a hearing on the waste, fraud, and abuse involved in congressional hearings.

"You burned yourself on a flag?"

Blood Brothers. Just before Violeta Chamorro arrived in the U.S. for her first visit as president of Nicaragua, her government was embarrassed when her nephew (actually, her late husband's nephew), Antonio Cardenal, part of El Salvador's Marxist insurgency, was killed by Salvadoran military troops. The Left immediately charged that the killing was deliberate and designed by the military to embarrass Mrs. Chamorro, but a government inquiry determined that he was in fact killed in battle. Not mentioned in the news story in the U.S. is that he also happened to be the brother of Nicaragua's ambassador to El Salvador, Luis Cardenal. This is how you build up good relations with your neighbors?

Church Triumphant. Two years after the Berlin Wall came down, Pope John Paul II has issued a new encyclical, *Centesimus Annus*, that finally lays to rest the tired old idea of a Catholic "Third Way" between statism and capitalism. But not everyone is happy. In its tepid press release on the document, the U.S. Catholic Conference (the bishops' lobby) included an excerpt talking about the state's limitations—but it puts ellipses where the pope says that the state cannot guarantee everyone a job. Cato wonders if this might be because the omitted sentence directly refutes what the bishops called for in their own economic pastoral a few years back.

Beaux Arts. Pete du Pont's plans to run against George Bush in the 1992 primaries may have been set back by the victory in the Gulf, but the former governor of Delaware still worries that the Republicans are alienating their base. Cato hears that at a recent off-the-record meeting of conservatives, Governor du Pont clearly stated that the President's chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, John Frohnmayer, "has got to go." Looks like a nasty platform fight ahead. —CATO

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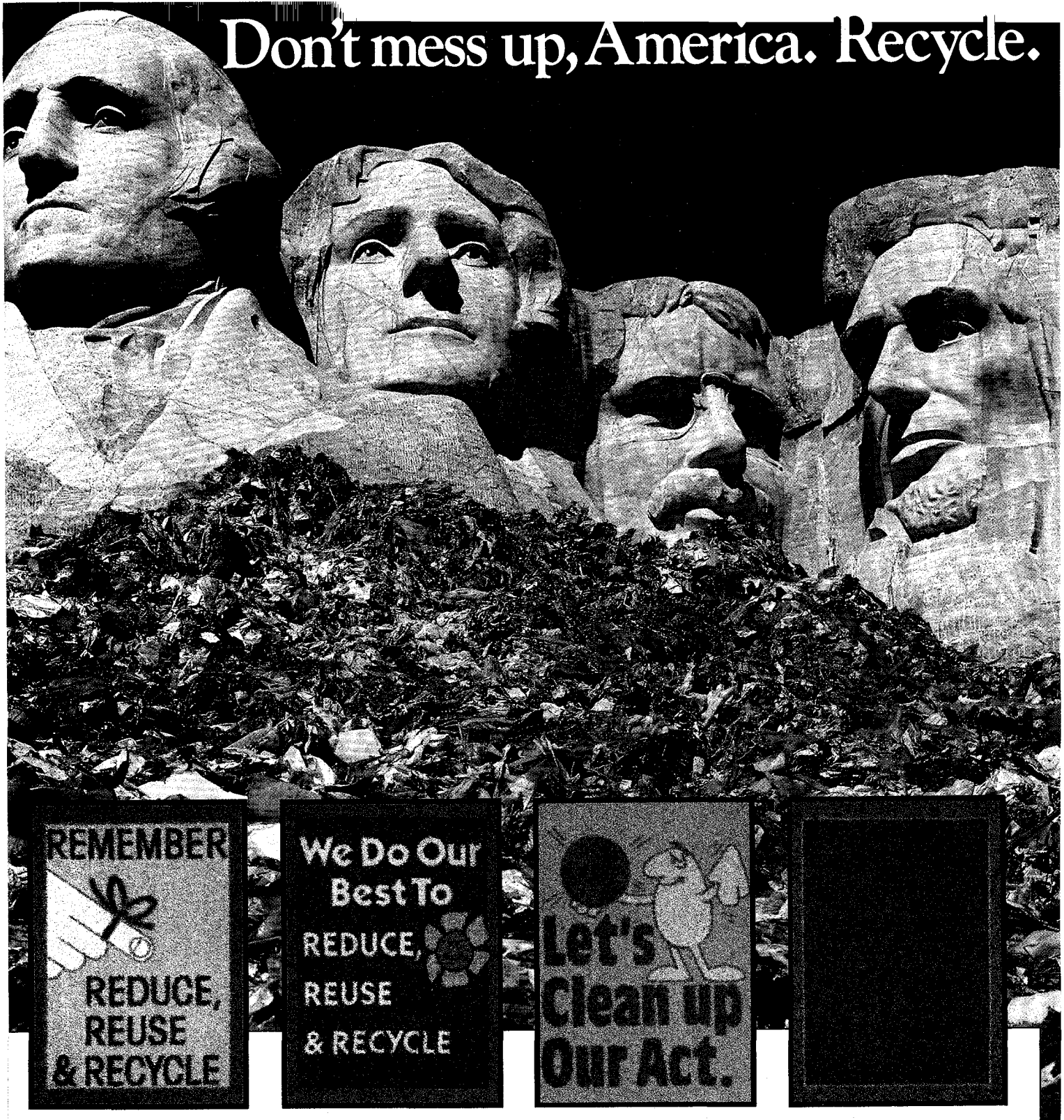

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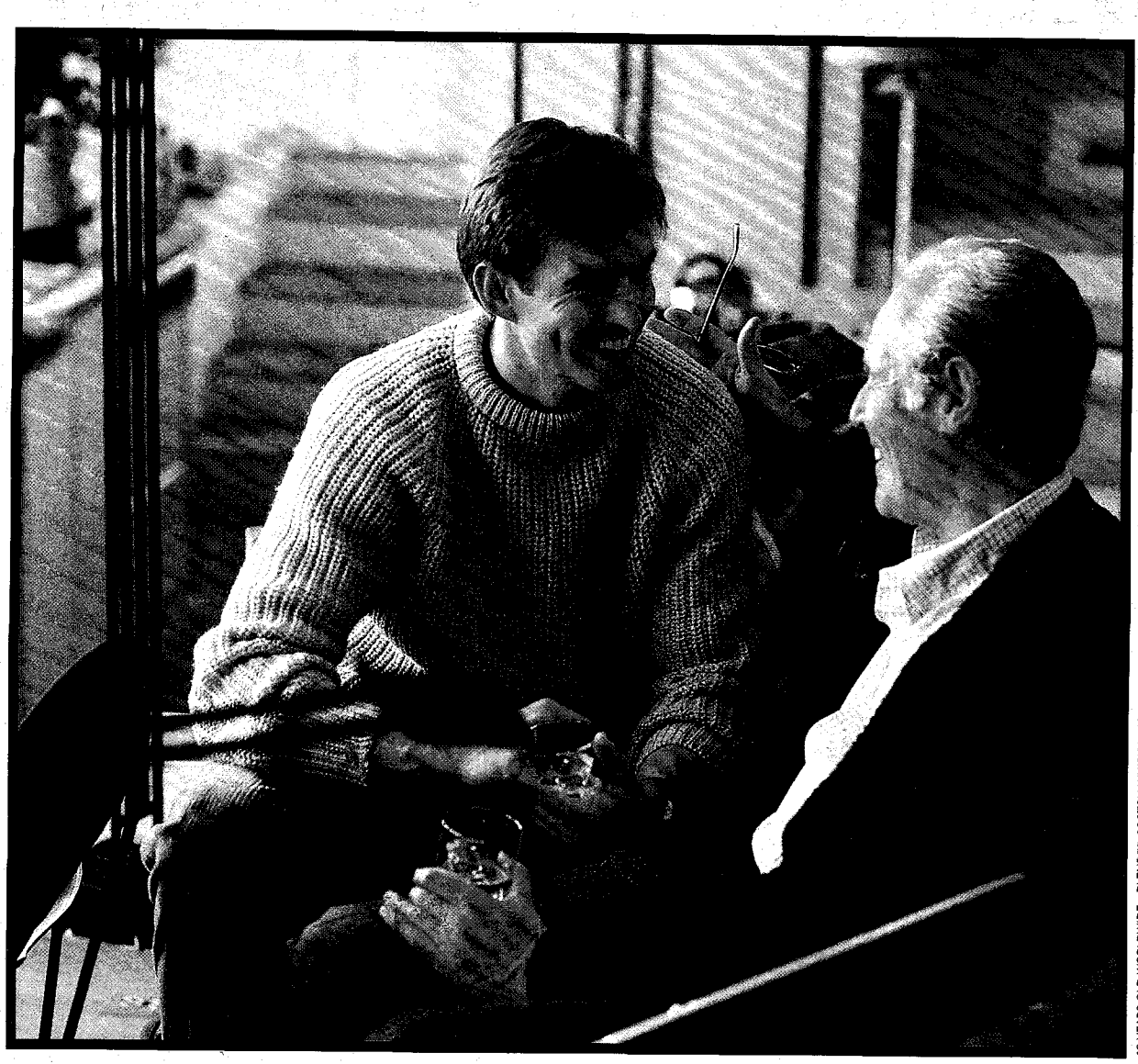

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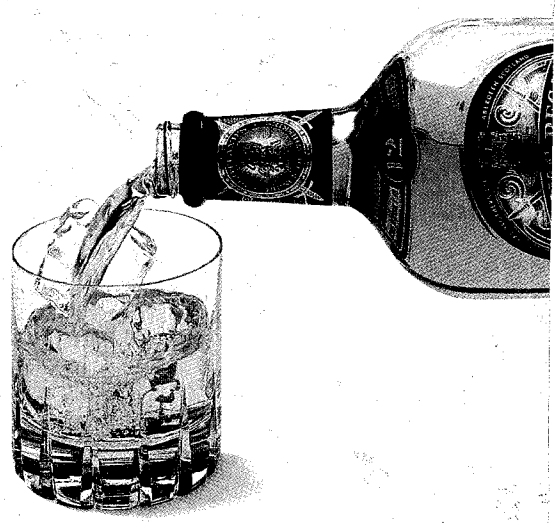

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